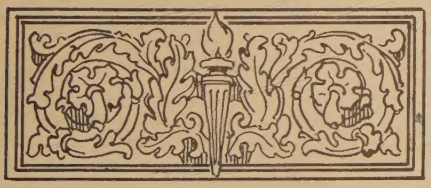
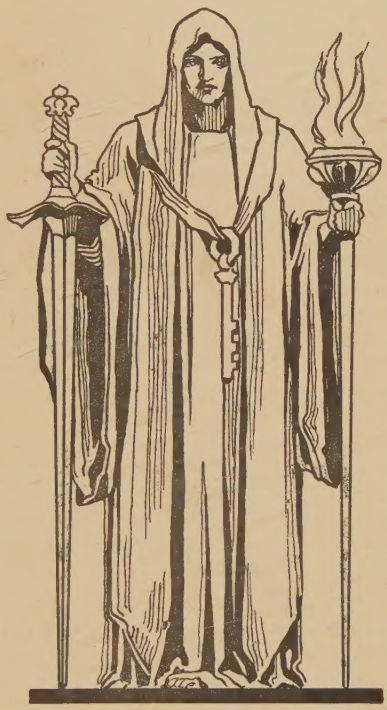
THE UNITARIAN

January, 1910

A MAGAZINE OF DEFINITE PROGRESS AND VIRILE OPTIMISM IN RELIGION





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THE UNITARIAN

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THE UNITARIAN

IN THE MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA

At the annual meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada held in Buffalo November 11th it was voted:

> *That effort be made in our churches to increase the subscription list of The Unitarian by one third, to the end that the magazine may be strengthened and bettered;*
>
> *That our Secretary be heartily thanked for having made it so useful an instrument as he already has made it under the difficult circumstances of its beginning;*
>
> *That it be made, if possible, more a magazine for the layman and the home, with greater variety in its contents.*

We appreciate greatly the cordial spirit of this action. In a vital sense THE UNITARIAN is more than a Conference organ; it is a national exponent of the liberal faith and the progressive method of religious enterprise.

But it is a child of this Conference, and, we believe, an expression of our Conference spirit.

In accordance with this recommendation of the Conference we propose next year to widen the scope and increase the variety of our matter; that THE UNITARIAN may become "more a magazine for the layman and the home."

In accordance with the recommendation of the Conference will the churches endeavor to increase their support of THE UNITARIAN one third?

Is it not not worth while helping its influence to grow and its work to become wider extended?

Such an increase in its support will surely strengthen THE UNITARIAN: and we promise as well that it will be made better.

THE UNITARIAN.

Vol. V (New Series.) JANUARY, 1910 No. 1

THE wise man makes his New Year's resolutions not too numerous, and doesn't say too much about them. The foolish man does not make any, and brags of it. January first has a certain dramatic value for those who know how to use it. A great many high resolves get fixed only by the incisive dramatic enforcement of a definite turning point, and the courage of a frank confession to some body else. We sometimes suspect that Unitarian-bred people suffer from the excess of some excellences: among them a dread for sensational and artifically wrought up crises in conduct and character. We don't like sudden conversions and we don't approve of public confessions. A sinister result of all this is that it is not so easy for our people to turn sharp corners for righteousness, nor make nobler impulse for decisive actions register themselves for good beyond recall. There is a certain conservatism of innocuous unprogressiveness that is peculiarly habitual to liberally bred people. January first, nineteen hundred and ten is not a bad time to think about that.

——o——

THE UNITARIAN starts the New Year with definite new resolutions. Some of them we confess to, and some of them we hold in reserve. We think the year is going to be unmistakably a year of advance. This is made possible in part by the gradual accumulation of our subscription list (though there is still room for more) which gives warrant for undertakings that were impossible when we started: in part by the accumulation of experience which has no money measure, but is a good asset at the counting-room, nevertheless. At a recent meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada, friends of ours expressed by method of formal vote their opinion that THE UNITARIAN should be made "more a magazine for the laymen, and the home, with greater variety in its contents." We heartily agree with this opinion. Unfortunately the limitations of our space, and the restrictions of our resources have hampered our ideals and curbed our aspirations hitherto. We have not been able to pay our contributors, and have been a bit notional about too liberal borrowings from more fortunate publications that can purchase good literature. So we have had to look for volunteering friends, and have found these chiefly amongst ministers whose product is naturally more or less from the minister's point of view. On the whole we have had good luck, we think, and have not been ashamed of ourselves.

——o——

WE begin the year 1910, however, with a resolute determination for

more variety—more things for the laity and for the home. We are introducing with this number a special department "For the Homes", though all that THE UNITARIAN contains wehope,is designed for home consumption. But we want the younger members of the household always to be gladwhen THE UNITARIAN comes. They will not read sermons, and they will probably skip editorials; but we propose to give them a story that will not be punctured by too sharp-pointed morals,—yet will not be devoid, we trust, of the main purpose for which THE UNITARIAN exists.

———o———

WE introduce also a new department to be known as "The Modern Church," to be conductedby Rev. John Haynes Holmes—a clergyman whose way of saying things usually makes laymen (as well as brother ministers) pay attention. They may not always agree with him; we do not, either. But the issues with which he engages himself we believe to be vital and concerns in which all thoughtful people are becoming more and more interested; and we believe that our readers will welcome the clear, strong voice of straight dealing comment and suggestion, which this department will afford.

———o———

HERE is a concern, surely which is for laymen to think about:—In the admirable report of a committee of the American Unitarian Association to investigate certain matters concerning the welfare of clergymen, the chairman of which,was Ex-PresidentEliot of Harvard University, a timely word was said about ministers' salaries. They are not what they used to be, when the relative cost of living is taken into account. There are two bad results inevitable. First, of course, it is bad for the ministers and the ministers' families. Second, it is bad for the churches, and the whole cause of righteousness and progress for which the churches are efficient factors. It may have a brutal sound: perhaps it is only half true: but it is somewhat true, and unescapable, that smaller salaries mean poorer ministers, less adequate service,—diminished power for the things that a church ought to stand for: and that means calamity. About this time of the year is seasonable for overhauling the parish budgets and discovering whether it is not merely because of inattention and administrative sloth and inefficiency, that the minister is underpaid. Incidentally, nothing makes a church wake up, and feel itself alive more keenly than the thrill of self-respect that comes from a self-originating impulse to do its work more generously, and with an exhilerating dash of self-sacrifice (not the minister's) infused into it.

———o———

World-Losers

Not wholly profitless our day!
Some gain we've handselled on the way.
For not toward yellow meed we sped
Who scorned to barter life for bread;
A holier guerdon led us on
Than that which passes and is gone.

Howe'er we've lived our life, and though
We seem to reap not as we sow,
Established 'gainst all chance or turn
The lot that's due falls from the urn;
The Furies and the Pities keep
Their balanced ledgers while we sleep.

For what is life, and what is death?
This being, captive of a breath?
And what is time, and what is space?
And who is surest in the race?
And what is woe, and what is fear
If we the eternal garner here?

—*Harrold Johnson in the Inquirer.*

New Year's Greetings

THE Editor of THE UNITARIAN sent the following letter to several friends who have the advantage of the rest of us in the accumulations of rich personal experience, and all but one of those addressed were able to make an answer. Are we not fortunate—we of the company of those who are striving to walk in the light," that at the opening of this year 1910 such voices out of a present that has back-ground in so fine a past, can speak such royal good cheer to us?

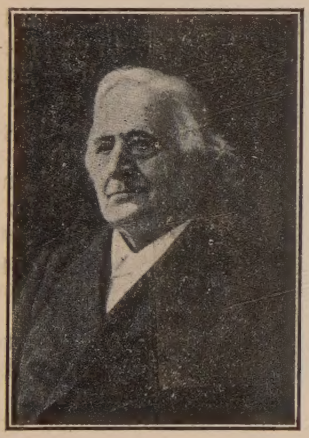
THE EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Friend:

This is what I want to do for the fifteen hundred readers of The Unitarian at New Year's: I want to send them from you, and five or six other friends who can look back over at least eighty good years of life, a New Year's Greeting, with a few words about your" most real faith that has persevered". Will you conspire with me for this? Just a few lines, if you will consent:— for a multitude of folks who will appreciate it most gladly.

The Editor.

And here are the responses: golden, every one.



You ask me for a word of New Year's Greeting from the snow line of four score and six years just completed. and my most real faith, I gladly send the greeting to all your readers and the wish that if they live to my length of years the burden may be as light and the content as deep in their heart as mine is now, has been, and I trust will be while I mind the poet's lines:

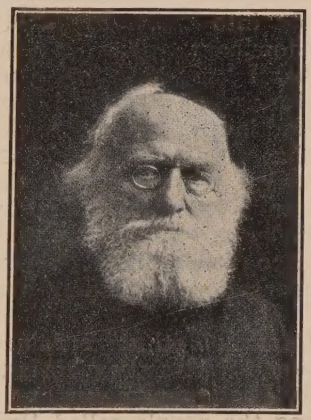
"Grow old cheerily
The best is yet to be"

And my most real faith centers in the Fatherhood of God; this as so many doctrines and dogmas suffer dimness grown deeper to me and clearer. Our Father in Heaven and on the earth and in hell .

It came to me when I could no longer abide in my old home, Methodism, as the primal truth. He is my Father and I am his son and when I leave this world I shall not go to Him because he will be with me when I leave and wherever I go.

This is the faith I found when I must move from the old first church and faith, fifty years ago, and found this we call Unitarian because we can find no better or fitter name.

Robert Collyer.

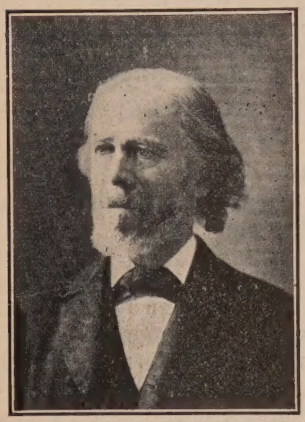


My religious life began by refusing to worship a bad God. My conversion, indeed, began by seeing very distinctly the exceeding sinfulness of a bad God. "If God is infinitely good" I said to myself, "I will gladly worship him, but if God is not infinitely good, I absolutely refuse to worship. This I will proclaim before the judgment throne, if necessary."

Then the blackness of darkness, which had been around and above me, broke away, and the Light of the Infinite Goodness shown all round me. To that sacred vision I have been true all my life long; though I deplore the weaknesses, so many which have so often hindered my power

of imparting this to my fellowmen.

S. R. Calthrop.



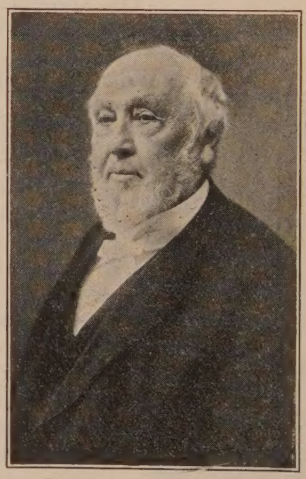
Two religious experiences which make "high lights" in the story of my life are my boyhood conversion under evangelical auspices so called, and the later expansion, which came with a larger interpretation and a deeper insight. The earlier consecration was so real, so sincere that I could never doubt an element of divine direction. The change which came before I was thirty, and which came through long and painful struggle brought me out into "a large place." Perhaps the dominant phase of this charge was that I learned to love God with my mind as well as with my heart; and thus I found in myself room for the admission of that celestial light which we have learned to call truth; room for the incorporation and vitalization of many kinds of knowledge and instruction, such as have come into modern life like a new and large dispensation of wisdom and of love.

The Free-Baptist brethren ordained me at twenty-one, just sixty years ago. At about thirty I had found a way and a welcome among the people called Unitarians; and in the joy of that fellowship I have since lived and labored. I have found not only freedom, but its nobler uses; not only larger opportunity but a growing catholicity of feeling which rejoices in long measure of truth and goodness found among all sorts of sincere people. I might have distrusted this new departure as leading toward the "Satanic folly" of intellectual pride if there had not come with it new and powerful motives for love to man and trust in God, and a deepening feeling of brotherhood to Jesus, and tenderness toward all souls—all the sinners and sufferers of the world.

Of all the great words by which we try to express our imperfect spiritual perceptions and conceptions not one has become obsolete, but all have required larger, richer and more luminous meanings—meanings more foodful to faith, hope and love.

Some oriental describes the earthly life of man as an ever shallowing stream that loses itself in the sand. To me its retrospect, aspect and prospect suggest, rather, a growing river fed by countless tributaries—from the sky-fed highlands of nature, tradition, history and the Hills of God—moving in deepening and widening volume toward its ocean destiny, in which it is not lost, but found.

Chas. Gordon Ames.



For every New Year my favorite greeting is St. Paul's trumpet call:—"forgetting thosethings which are behind, and reaching forth unto thosethings which are before, I press toward the mark." Some things indeed we would not and cannot forget. Red letter days, lovely friends and friendships, old time memories which forever enrich and sweeten life are precious treasures that death cannot touch, nor the ground bury. But no dead past should clog or hinder our living advance. Neither discouraged by past failure, nor satisfied with past success, resolutely let us press forward, making each new day better than any that are gone. Upon every new morning let us greet the rising sun;— "This

is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.' This unfinished planet, with fertile valley, and prairies, rich mines of hidden wealth and vast forests of material for use and beauty, the good Lord has given his children to cultivate, develop and perfect, changing thorn and brier to myrtle and rose, and turning the wilderness to a garden of God, and in doing this to be divinely educated. For one who uses it nobly, doing his best, what a grand school for culture, shop and garden for work, what a divine temple for worship of the Most High, what a delightful home of loving brotherhood in preparation for that better home beyond, where no tears or parting come. So let us with faith, hope and charity, with loving service to God and Man,—"Ring out the old, Ring in the new!"

Rush R. Shippen.

Mrs. Frances A. Hackley of Tarrytown, who counts more years for helpful living than perhaps any other woman still vigorous and interested in our Unitarian work, is neither a preacher or prophet of the spoken word. She has builded her prophecy into a noble institution of education, and her faith has found its silent ways of carrying its influence abroad through her many deeds of generosity and helpfulness. She does not find it easy to make a formal publication of her greetings, but from her noble accumulation of experience through over eight decades of life she is glad to say: "I believe that the Unitarian Faith is the one I am willing to live and die by."

There are said to be errors in the Bible: and doubtless there are such. But I fear. I cannot count among these, an entry which appears in the "Family Record" of my own copy of the Scripture, which testifies that I was born, in the year 1829. Hence it is as an octogenerian —although I cannot realize that I am that—that I herewith extend respectful but mostcordial greetings to theministers and members of our entire Unitarian household. My relations with our religious body extend over a period of nearly sixty years; but while the more intelligent and active portions of my life have been passed in the direction towards which Unitarianism points and leads, yet at the outset, I was associated with one of those denominational bodies, which call itself "evangelical". It is one of the greatest grounds of my joy and thankfulness, however, that for three-score years, I have been most intimately associated with the movements and the ministry of our Liberal Faith. Nor have I failed, during that period abundantly to find the gracious fruits of good and noble living, among its adherents. With the traditional doctrine of the "Perservance of the Saints," I have always had little sympathy,—as that doctrine has been cherished by evangelical believers—but, as I have been brought into personal observation of the Perseverance of Saints as interpreted and illustrated in the lives of some of the good men and women of our own religious household, I have felt sure of this *reality* of such perseverance.

Looking back upon the past, indeed, I have been not a little puzzled and pained to observe the slow progress of our denomination, in respect to the multiplication of its churches; but I have felt at the same time, that while our religious organizations have not grown as one might naturally have expected they would do, yet our Faith, our religious views, have so permeated the views of the sects that prevail around us, as to render it nearly certain, that *Unitarianism* is nevertheless *finally* to become co-extensive with the spread of the human race.

All hail! then, to this so glorious

prospect; and all kindliest greetings, and all best wishes, to those, in its pulpits and pews, who are so earnestly contributing to a consummation so grand and glorious!

Thos. W. Brown.

I was gratified by receiving your request for a New Year's greeting to your readers "to tell about your most real faith that has persevered."

Faith is better than knowledge; "we know in part," the contents of faith are bounded only by the limits of the trustful imagination. During my active ministry, when officiating in funeral services I never assigned to the departed spirit, state, place or condition, for the reason that I did not know, and that no exercise of judgment on my part was called for. The committal was reverently and with full confidence to the infinite Father, the "Eternal Goodness."

With varying success I have endeavored to apply such faith to my own affairs and interests. My effort has been to be optimistic. In the review I do not claim to see special providence wrought in my favor, but incline to accept a suggestion of William James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience" He is treating of one variety in which the believer perceives in the varied events and combinations which he recalls, divine arrangements made with their especial bearing on his own welfare, perhaps to the inconvenience of his neighbors. Rejecting this claim, which would involve the violation of the order of the universe, he still names a possible instinctive optimismout of which it naturallysprings when an unlooked for disposition of circumstances favor a cherishedundertaking one is moved, and finds it satisfactory, to call it providential. The question which naturally arises, "How about a combination of hindering obstructions?" I will not attempt to answer. But my recommendation is to keep the memory green for prospered undertakings as a garden in which shall grow trustful expectation for days to come.

My birth was in the same year with that of the late Carlton A. Staples, who was my intimate friend. The week before his sudden death, being present at a meeting of ministers, he spoke impressively out of his own experience of the faith which had most persevered.

Two friends were speaking together of the address and one said, in view of his years and experience, "He knows" In the instantaneousness of his death there was no opportunity for last words. But those addressed to his brethren in the ministry may be accepted as such: "I know in whom I have believed."

Thomas D. Howard.

One great encouraging word of the Master of the house of life stands by me and grows more clear with its hopes for the years as I think of the apparently warring elements in our mortal experience,—"Let both grow together until the harvest," and if we think of that harvest; and of the confidence of the great husbandman in the seed and season,—we need never fear for the issues of life.

B. H. Bailey.

Die Besten Wuensche Zum Neuen Yahr

By RUTH STERRY

Out of my treasures to-day there fell,
A New Year's card I remember well,
Lighting the past like a gleam from afar— :
Die besten wuensche zum neuen yahr!

What though the flowers are faded and worn?
What though our hearts asunder are torn?
Nor time nor absence the message can mar—
Die besten wuensche zum neuen yahr!

You who travel some farthermost plain,
Where time is not measured, no parting or pain
I call to you dear, wherever you are—
Die besten wuensche zum neuen yahr!

The religion of a multitude of humane persons in the twentieth century may be called with inexcusable exaggeration a "new religion"—not that a single one of its doctrines and practices is really new in essence, but only that the wider acceptance and better actual applications of truths familiar in the past at many times, and in many places, but never taken to heart by the multitude or put in force on a large scale, are new.— *Excerps from Dr. Eliot's "New Religion".*

The Popularization of Our Message

By CHARLES W. CASSON

IT is to be wisely recognized that to care in the least concerning the mere making of our message popular is a most fatal policy. There is gravest danger in the process if it includes any kind of compromise or half-confession. To be true to our task, to be loyal in all things to our ideal, to utter "the last syllable of our confession", as Emerson has said, is the duty with which we are particularly concerned.

Two things are to be faced in this matter. In the first place, the Unitarian church is not popular. For whatever reason, it has seldom been able to attract the many. A census of Unitarian audiences would reveal the fact that however select they are, they certainly are the few. But what is even worse, we often take a strange pride in the fact of fewness. We use it as an argument for superior acumen. To be large in culture is felt to more than equalize the fact of being small in congregation.

And in the second place it is increasingly apparent that the liberal religious message *is* popular. It is being revealed that Unitarians are no longer in the minority, but that they are, in reality, expressing only what the majority of people really think. Scratch the average man deep enough and you come to Unitarian stuff. The majority of men are liberal in their religious belief, but the majority of the majority have not yet found it out.

We have no special monopoly of religious liberalism. Indeed, there are not lacking signs at the present time that the real liberal movement in religion is outside the Unitarian churches. In a large degree, we stand as the organized party of the doctrinaires, while the dynamic influences of sentiment and freedom are operating outside. There is ground for belief that while we, as Unitarian churches, have been *standing* for liberalism for fifty years and more, the world outside has been moving on.

It may be stated as a clearly evident fact that our Unitarian word is popular to-day. The great problem is not so much the making of Unitarians as the discovery of them. How shall we identify the popular thought of the day with the principles for which our church stands? How shall we use the current of liberalism in our organized fellowship, or, better, how shall we wisely direct its course? These are the questions which are of particular interest to us at the present time.

The first thing to do, therefore, in the popularization of our message is to give it widest publicity. The greatest obstacles to Unitarian progress are ignorance and the consequent prejudice. The greatness and grossness of this ignorance concerning our faith are constantly revealed. The presidential campaign of Mr. Taft showed in a marvelous way the absurdly erroneous ideas prevalent concerning the Unitarian faith and church. And even in New England, where Unitarian churches have stood for a hundred years, there are cases beyond number where people living in the near vicinity know practically nothing about the principles for which the neighboring church stands.

Our message must be spoken not merely in the conventional way of a church service, but by every method of which we can avail ourselves. If the Unitarian church is really in business, it must use business methods. If it has anything real,—as real as bread or clothes,—to offer to the community, it may wisely advertise its wares. The church, no less than the department store, must devise and utilize all possible business methods for the wider declaration of its truth. What we "hear in the ear" we must "preach upon the housetops". By the use of the press, much can be done to popularize our message. By publishing sermon synopses, or paragraph pulpits, or special advertisements of Sunday services, it is possible to reach a large

number who would otherwise not be brought into touch with the church. It is only fair that all such means should be used in order that our message may be brought to the attention of those who are in special need of it.

Further, to make our message more popular it must be made more positive. The old Republican farmer who once stated, in answer to a question made by the writer concerning his political faith, "I don't know just what I stand for, or what I believe, but I know one thing, I am a straight Republican", was not of much value to the party to which he belonged, and those who are simply "straight" Unitarians, without having any very definite knowledge or personal experience of liberal religion, are not specially helpful to our cause. There are many who, starting for nowhere in religion and always reaching their destination, look with pity and sometime scorn upon the poor fellow who has lost his way. They expect nothing from their religion and are therefore supremely satisfied with it. They undoubtedly have a religious idea, but they seem to have no idea of just what the idea is.

When men of this type get into our Unitarian pulpits, or even remain in our pews, it is not to be expected that we shall become deservedly popular. Fog, mental or otherwise, is never in public favor. That unhappy medium between the clear water of orthodoxy and the hard land of liberalism, which may be defined as theological mud, does not offer an attractive footing to any sane individual.

We have, without doubt, made the mistake of emphasizing our doubts and denials a little too much. We have dealt too much with what we do not know. A minister was recently preaching in a church for the first time, and before the sermon the janitor approached him and said, "Mr. B., when you preach this morning you will have to pitch your voice rather high, for our church has very peculiar *agnostic* effects." It is to be feared that this might have been said in not a few cases of our Unitarian churches, though, happily, the number is constantly decreasing. Our highest duty and our best policy may be found in the expression of our positive faith. It is better to emphasize one thing of which the speaker is sure than to make brilliant flings concerning subjects which are more or less intangible or of doubtful truth. Let a man speak his deepest conviction,—speak it without compromise, without fear of being over-enthusiastic, and he and his church are on the highroad to popularity

We make a great mistake in believing that people are not ready for our liberal assertion. Liberalism is much more universal and advanced than most of us are aware of. It is astonishing the number of men who have even thought their way beyond the average Unitarian sermon, and who can be drawn now only by the clear-cut, definite and distinctive affirmation.

One element of popularity which has not been sufficiently considered is the adoption of perfect honesty of form and phrasing in our religious services. The perpetuation of any phrase, in any service, which does not clearly express the liberal position, does vast harm. It exposes the whole church to the charge of inconsistency or worse. There is no particular merit, as some people seem to think, in our clinging to as much of the conservative egg-shell as we can after we have radically pecked our way through. It is no wonder that we cannot make higher flight so long as our wings are fettered by these cherished accretions. This dishonesty or inconsistency of phrase is very apparent. The youngest son of the writer was christened by a Unitarian clergyman "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." A young man recently brought into the Unitarian fellowship, and attending church near Boston was greatly troubled concerning the use of words and phrases which he, in his evolutionary process, had been compelled to give up. All of this is a fatal hindrance.

We need to-day men of conviction and courage. We need ministers who shall be able to see and who dare to read the signs of the times. Surely, to have a conviction is not necessarily to have a conviction of sin. To be a radical is not

always to be radically wrong. If the time ever comes, and there are not lacking signs of it, when the man who has "convictions" shall be treated as an unsafe character, we might as well close our doors and turn our church buildings into something more useful. The times call for strong men and strong words. There is no place for weaklings in the battle. Ours is a crusade, calling for courage and consecration greater than ever have been demanded in the past.

But the popularization of our message depends more than all else upon the development of real religion in our churches Religion must be known and defined as an experience. It is not intellectual so much as it is impulsive; it is not doctrinal so much as dynamic. It is less a matter of philosophy than it is of force. It is not merely the perceiving of truth, but rather the use of the truth perceived as a tool whereby the ideal can be fashioned and realized. The Unitarian church that simply stands for a set of principles, or for any mere philosophical position, can never become popular.

There are Unitarian churches that seem to possess all the elements for success. They have splendid equipments, beauty of environment and service, ample definition of truth, great wealth of treasure and tradition, but they lack the element of *life*. The stirring enthusiasm that comes alone from the experience of religion or the felt impulse toward the ideal seems to be strangely lacking. As a matter of fact, many of us sadly need religion. What is most needed is not increase in membership, but greater inspiration in experience.

This, in reality, constitutes the weakness of publicity methods. It may as well be confessed now as discovered afterwards that some churches are simply not worth going to. They have nothing to offer to the man who desires spiritual stimulus. They are perfunctory, echoing the past rather than visioning the future. The service is a memorial in honor of the life that once was, rather than a meeting for the expression of the life that is.

We must learn the lesson that a church like a hotel, depends for popularity upon its *menu*. The freshness of the food offered is the basis of popular criticism. It is fatal to depend upon any manna that has been gathered in days gone by. It must be gathered to-day. When a sermon is the product of the minister's own thought and experience, pulsing with the force of reality, we may expect success. People will be attracted only in proportion as they are helped.

We cannot afford to set aside wholly the idea of conversion. It is certainly not enough to enter the Unitarian fellowship simply because one has been born into a Unitarian family. Everyone must be re-born into the faith, having a vital and vitalizing experience for oneself. The truth is not something which we hold, having received it from those who preceded us, but it is something that holds us, by reason of its power upon our lives. Religion is something to be experienced, and until the experience comes it must lack vitality and force. But perhaps the greatest element of all in this popularization process is being in earnest concerning the liberal faith. This summer, in the city of Boston, 22 people were able to gather an audience of over 40,000, while as many more clamored at the gates, desiring to enter. These men were not ministers, but football players, whose sole task was to endeavor to propel a leather ball in a certain direction. If it had been rumored before the game that one team was not to play its best, or that the whole preformance was to be largely perfunctory in its character, there would not have been 50 people there. It was the feeling that these men were in dead earnest, that they were risking even life itself to succeed, that brought the crowd. And if we, to-day, being really in earnest, consecrate our power to the proclamation of what we believe to be true, and struggle with every particle of our energy against the forces that we feel are injuring humanity, we shall not long lack popularity. When we dare to risk being misunderstood, dare to stand on a soap-box on a town street and proclaim our faith, dare to speak openly the deepest convictions of our souls, we shall deserve and

secure the attention and loyalty of the people.

We need to realize more than most of us do now that we have a gospel for the lowest man, and when we do, we shall be in the condition to do our best work; otherwise, we must remain a small and exclusive set, talking culture, interpreting religion in pretty and abstract terms, but having nothing to do with the real life of the average man.

A minister was once asked what should be done in the case of a man being asleep in a church service, and he answered with much wisdom, "I would instruct the sexton to wake up the minister." If the world to-day is in ignorance of our message and indifferent to its claims, going anywhere and everywhere but to a Unitarian church, the most essential thing for us to do is to *wake up*!

Prof. Doan and His Gospel of Humanism

THEOLOGY is not taught in Unitarian schools precisely as it used to be taught in seminaries of orthodox foundation. And it is not being taught at the Meadville Theological School, just now, precisely as it used to be taught in the Unitarian schools—at Harvard or Manchester New College, or at Meadville itself,—a decade or so ago. When Frank Carleton Doan, a young professor of philosophy was called to the Professorship of theology a few years ago, we suspect that nobody first put him under inquisition as to his soundness in the faiths of the fathers even the Unitarian fathers. At any rate if any body expected him to teach the same old thing in the same old way, the expectation was sadly misplaced, and a recent book of his entitled "Religion and

the Modern Mind"*makes very plain the quality of "things different" which have come to pass in the school where Dr. A. A. Livermore used to control things.

First a word or two about the man himself.

Prof. Doan was born in southern Ohio about thirty years ago, and obtained his education mainly in Ohio institutions. spending three years at Hiram College, and graduating from the Ohio State University with the degree of B. Ph. in 1898. Then two years were spent at Harvard University where he received a degree of A. M. in 1900. On leaving Harvard he was appointed Professor of Phychology and Education at Ohio State University where he was when the trustees of the Meadville School discovered him and persuaded him to take the professorship of Symtematic Theology and the Philosophy at their school, in 1904. Perhaps no instructor at Meadville has ever more completely won the affection of the students, or proved more "comradely," in the best sense of the word, with fellow-teachers, undergraduates and townspeople alike. He certainly has brought to the school a quality of enthusiasm, and the essentially human touch of scholarship to a surpassing degree. "Systematic Theology" is easily associated in some minds with traditions very different from thosewhich Prof. Doan is establishing. It is evident that there is nothing perfunctory or dry about his class-room methods. Possibly indeed "Systematic" is not the adjective which best describes his manner of theological teaching. But it is all vital, human and glowing with a certain eagerness of enthusiasm which young men like. In 1904 Harvard University conferred the degree of Ph.D.

While at Harvard University Dr. Doan came much under the influence of Prof. William James and was enthusiastically attracted to his method and spirit of thought. Inevitably he became a pragmatist. We have not the space here to tell what a pragmatist is,—and nobody else seems to know exactly, either. But that is what Prof. Doan is, pretty much, in bottom fact, though pragmatism is for him no mere formula of method or criticism of procedure, but a glorious emancipation of spirit, and challenge of intellectual motive. Prof. Doan would much prefer the word "Humanism" to define his method of thought. His philosophy is constructive rather than critical; it is dynamic rather than speculative. It is an enthusiasm rather than a hypothesis:—which means of course, in final fact, that it is a gospel more than it is a philosophy.

"Theology" by etymology means "teaching about God", and the essence of Dr. Doan's Humanism in his conception of God. It surely is not like that of Abelard or Calvin or Edwards or Hopkins; and no more is it like that of Martineau or Theodore Parker, or Charles Carroll Everett. Dr. Doan has no use for an abstract God nor for a Perfect God nor for an omniscent or an omnipotent God. Thus does his heresy begin:—

"A God of eternal perfection of any sort you will has nothing to *do* with *any* problem whatsoever, least of all with any humanity's problem involving, as it must, a horde of imperfect immoral beings as its irreducible data. There is no such thing as *moral* perfection in God's universe—if it be God's indeed!" (Page 58)

Then after hunting down the traditional ideas of the Absolute and the Perfect, he breaks out:—

"As for me, I am right sick of it all, the dryness and the unreality of it all, they suffocate me. It all comes to this: Either: You and I are not *really* finite but infinite; not really in time but in eternity; not really imperfect but perfect; not really in a state of social unrest and evil to be overcome manfully with splendid pathos of one soul with another, perhaps of one human soul with another Human Soul; but rather in a solemn and solitary state of harmony wherein any straining of our human persons would be ill-advised and in bad taste. Either this, I say, or else: God the self of selves, the soul of souls is not

*RELIGION OF THE MODERN MIND and other Essays in Modernism. Frank Carleton Doan. Boston. Sherman, French and Co., 201 pages $1.25 net.

really infinite,but finite; not really eternal andfulfilled but temporal and inprocess not really perfect but imperfect,not really beyond us in any eternal way but most literally and strictly with us in our human ways." (page 60)

And so when it comes back to the practical need and the dynamic purpose of life, our life, as we humans have it, the modern mind, he says:will not ask '*Is God*' but '*Shall* he be?' not '*What* is God?' but 'What do we *want* him to be?' not 'What are the *probabilities* in his case?' but 'How much in our human case are we willing *to do*, how much to *risk* in the interest of God's possible being?' not 'What may we reasonably *expect from* the alleged God of the ages, *if* he be?' but 'What for God's sake can we practically *contribute* to his enterprises among us men, granting *that* he is?'

"Well then, what does the modern mind *want* God to be? What are a man's lasting wants, his eternal needs? That's the question. Then, dare to convert these eternal wants into resolute pulls upon being's sources! Enter the free region of the Unknowable and stake out your claims! Assert your right to find in God what your human life most profoundly needs! Stake your life upon the trustworthiness of the eternal! Hold fast to that! Demand what you need of that! Believe in that! And, as God lives, that will come true in the end! This is the method."(Page 33)

Here is pragmatism pure and undisguised; and the substance of Humanism built up by its leaping method is as glowingly set forth by Dr. Doan:—

"I conceive the World-Life to be just this: an ever ascending scale of living being, God the indwelling spirit of the whole, humanity a ceaseless generation of lives within his larger Life, henceforth each man of us responsible,—not only *gifted* with life but before God responsible to the very last degree—for his part in the Life of the whole, each generation ideally leading on the generation following, God-Man the enduring steady patient and hopeful Leader of this procession of human spirits within his large, generous and courageous Life.

"Ah! the mighty, the almighty courage of it all!" (Page 68)

Prof. Doan develops his idea first by a fluent analysis of a man's ideal of manhood of the Larger Life; he lays hold on the essential idealisms of the Christian generations in the Christ Ideal: man's dream of himself deified: and asks, why not call this God without historic entanglements and confusions. The Man-to-be so long as he stands a thing of the future, —toward which we of to-day are only growing, leaves the Man-to-day desolate and companionless; and the instinct of religion demands more than this, "Religion," he says, "if it would satisfy the genuine, spiritual hunger of the modern man, must dwell more and more upon those parts of God's being wherein his character is not thus unearthly and "infinite" but wherein he is in the deepest, intensive and noblest sense human and "finite". Not the being of God—of course that is infinite!—but the character of God it is that concerns men deeply and practically in these latter days."(Page 47)

"Take seriously," he adds in another place, 'that exquisite structure you call 'Man', my friend; give your inner vision of him full play; really *believe* in him; spread his mystic humanity over and beyond the stars up there! Add to him an infinite dimension of human things like love and patience and hopefulness! And you will behold That I call 'God'. This is what your religion of humanity unconsciously means, is it not, brethren of the humane mind? God! too unseen to be dogmatically defined or in his fulness revealed in time; yet too human to be comprehended in the deliberate language of science and philosophy! God, a Man, cosmic and yet friendly! an universal energy unconscious in stones and stars yet conscious in men! divine yet human! God yet a Man!" (page 28)

Or again the humanistic philosophy "would discover in the human the essence and aroma of the divine. The difference between your *you* and your God is in the main a gross quantitative matter. The larger Life is *larger* than you in very obvious fact but not diviner.

The great God himself in all his powers and privileges is not more righteous nor more loving, not diviner, than you would most instinctively be, had you those same great energies and opportunities. You are infinite most literally and prosaically infinite,— You! You veriest beast of the earth! in those qualities wherein you do touch the living powers and the divine graces of the world's soul you are infinite, I say! You are God's maximum as God is your maximum. What becomes you becomes God. Where he is ! What you are that he is! When you are thereyou are then he is! Your purposes,your problems,your questions are most actually his. He does not fulfill nor solve nor answer them one whit more instantly than you. Your solutions are and must be his. You and he together, most intimately and mutually *together* become That I have called 'Man-God'". (page 61)

"Do you ask then," he says a little later, "whether God is simply the spirit of humanity? I reply that God is essentially and simply just that. There are no considerable facts in the universe, —in God, that is,—save *men*. God is the ideal harmony of these human selves. As such he is—why not?—a spirit of humanity; a group spirit of the many conscious human spirits on the face of the world; a God-Man, as I have said. Beyond this is the Great-Beyond, the Vast Unknown into which men of to-day and of future generation, even as passionately faithful men of the past, will project a God of their own inner life; a Man-God, I say. In this the humanist simply demands and exercises the right of his surpassing, superabundant Manhood, the right of *men* who have gone before, the right of passionate faith, the right to pull from out the everlasting white-hot fires of being all that his soul does most genuinely require, the right to create God in his own image, the will to believe that out of the Nowhere, out of the Great Unknown has arisen, and will rise evermore a being and living Great Man,—living and being by the same eternal passions the most lowly man may find in his own soul." (page 65)

Prof. Doan's tone is not always that of the placid and self-possessed enquirer after truth. Most generally it is something quite different. Academic calm and the atmosphere of scholarly detachment are conspicuous mainly for their absence in its pages. President Livermore or Dean Everett for instance can hardly be imagined talking quite like this:—

"*Lay it to heart then*! Just allow yourself to think unafraid, unashamed and plainly that God is *not* all this; that he does *not* tolerate all this exploitation, palliation, aristocratic insolence; that he is most actively and sweatingly human; that his spirit is right poignantly *involved* in human relations, very strictly present in human being; that he moves in human destinies, writhes in all our human bestialities, ascends in all our human flights of justice and righteousness; that his spirit watches and pushes and pulls in all the efforts of our human race! God almighty, what a God! God all-human, what a God! Cry out, sing, shout for joy! Unto us a God is born! born of human labor! a Son of Man! himself a Man, a great Man-God, an incomparable God-Man, a God with sweating soul!" (page 64)

Perhaps the culmination of all this philosophy of Humanism,all too crudely presented here in this piecing together of shreds rather violently torn from contexts which may make the development of their conceptions more logical and better balanced, may be found in this forth-setting of the essential point of his essay on "Life Everlasting":—

"As for me I prefer the Life-and-Death conception in all its orginial purity. In all soberness of mind I declare I would rather die than go to heaven—unless it were on the very frontier of heaven, on the border land of hell, in the celestial slums, far from the shades of heaven, the Graeco-Jewish scribes, Pharisees and doctors of eschatology! On the borderland of hell, on the frontier of heaven, where common people are still getting saved, give me endless life there! *There* is something worth while! Sweating through the day, then *intelligibly* resting by night; spreading the spirit of sweet brotherhood

abroad to cool the hot lives and cheer the broken hearts of one's fellows; living! freely, limpidly, gloriously living! verging always upon sorrow, catastrophe, hell! but keeping spontaneous, courageous, manful! measuring eternity not in years—God! how weary, how deadly dull the years, were they throughout eternity blissful, fulfilled, uneventful, unangered, serene and all that silly dream of idle souls!—but in *instants*, the instantaneous moving out toward Life or Death or God knows what; with no pusillanimous thought of what, but only with surpassing joy and eagerness for the work and life of the passing time. Is such a Life not eternal in God's world? Then so much the worse for God, I may say." (page 87)

Now there is eagerness in all this, and a pre-eminently noble tone. To what degree is it sane and wholesome doctrine? Personally we cannot quite satisfy ourselves with it altogether, although it is impossible to read these glowing pages without catching the contagion of their exultant enthusiasm, and feeling the drive of their singularly exhilarating incentives. Yet one cannot escape a sense of a failure to take care of all the elements involved, we will not say, in the intellectual demands of pure logic, but even in the effectively spiritual demands of a serious soul. After all, behind this glowing ideal of the God-Man that is simply Man's best ideal of himself projected on the mystery of the vast unknown must be something with which the soul must feel its final relations:—that which is source of all that is—including evil, if you please—that which is not simple the Becoming, but the fateful and rational and dramatic reason for that which is becoming, and is itself before, and beyond, if also in the Becoming; the ultimate assurance of effectual Unity which somehow gathers Man, God-Man—and God-over-man (if Humanism permits such) into Itself with nothing left out to impend disaster or wreck the values of a comradeship that is not perfect or infinite though infinitely necessary. The final mystery of being is undoubtedly unsearchable: but a God disentangled from that mystery to save him from responsibility for the evils and limitations of this order that now is, isn't quite God enough to meet the needs of most of us, we fear:—except in those moments of exalted enthusiasm and zest of passion for humanity when we forget that we really need a God, at all, and may be satisfied with the echoes of our own nobler heart-beats as they come back to us from the scapeless slopes of the Mystery that hems us in.

But this, no doubt, because we are unemancipated Monists, and still live in dread of the sinister possibilities of this new Pragmatistic Frankinstein. Dr. Doan's book is certainly full of suggestion and rich in spiritual beauties. Besides the more thorough-going essays on the Humanistic philosophy with which it opens, it contains three chapters of quieter and more meditative quality; chapters of exquisite charm and finely worshipful spirit which will make them attractive to all. And as a keynote of them all, and indeed, illustrative of Dr. Doan's whole spirit of teaching, what could be more alluring than these words with which one of these addresses begin:

"As the theme of our evening's meditation I have chosen to consider with you the romance of God's invisible humanity, the motion of his unseen spirit on-pressing on the souls of men."

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A Congregational Church Joins the Unitarian Fellowship

From Congregationalism to Unitarianism tells the history to date of Plymouth church, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., which was formed three years ago by a number of dissenting members of the First Congregational church, who supported the then pastor, Rev. William B. Allis.

Plymouth church held a special congregational meeting on Wednesday evening, which was well attended, and at that meeting it was unanimously carried that the church affiliate with the Unitarian Association of the United States and Canada. The confession of faith and the name of

the church, it was said today, will remain absolutely the same.

Rev. William B. Allis, who has been pastor of Plymouth church, has been corresponding during the fall with the heads of the Unitarian denomination in this country, with this end in view. The vote to affiliate is the culmination of this correspondence, and the result of a cordial feeling on the part of the Unitarian body and an obvious desire to co-operate.

It will be the first church of this faith established in this vicinity. Plans have not yet been completed for setting in motion a positive forward movement. The government of the church will remain congregational in form.

This action by Plymouth church is not a surprise to those who have been noting the church's history since it was established. It was rumored that this would be the culmination of its endeavors to gain recognition of some kind at the time the church recalled its invitations for a new council, in the early part of this month.

The church has always described its faith as liberal, and its members have regarded it as more liberal than that of any other represented in Mount Vernon. In expressions on public occasions they have shown their conviction that a church with a faith as liberal as that of Plymouth cannot fail to succeed in its mission of helping to evangelize all people with whom its influence comes in contact.

The confession of faith of Plymouth church is substantially the same in ethics as that of the class 1903 at Bowdoin College. It is the custom at that institution for the class in ethics each year to request each member to write out his own confession of faith, and these are discussed, the most striking statements in each are extracted, and the result is framed into a composite confession of faith for the entire class.

Authority in Religion

By REV. ALFRED FREE, MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA

"*By what authority doest thou these things?*"

This is the old question asked every reformer by the conservative spirit of his age. This is the question that is asked of us. Can we make better answer than to say: Reason is our Authority?

A vast and imposing universe has always challenged the reason of humanity. But it is only a little while since we began to know the universe in its true character. Even now we are only in the primary stages of that knowledge. Man's discovery of the world he inhabits is the dominant feature of the mental life of our age. Long and patiently did Nature besiege us. At last she has carried our citadel by storm. Our walls are breached. Neither indifference nor dogma can longer resist Nature's questions. The results of this may not all be good. Some religious people may be cast into serious trouble. Devout souls, finding the simple horizons of the old life blurred and confused, may suffer sore distress. Masses of men, who in the earlier days, might have yielded to the guidance of the church, may be now wandering as "sheep having no shepherds." These conditions may be depressing, but what can we do about the matter? We can no more go back to the ancient faiths and habits of thought than we can readopt their systems of sacrifice. The old altar fires are clean gone out.

The age we live in modifies our thought. Along with many grievous faults this age has its incomparable virtues. This one, foremost of all, perhaps; a disinterested love of truth, which has never been so strong as it is now. There

has never been anything to compare with the wide and eager study of our time. We have perfected the telescope, and are studying worlds and suns other than our own. We have developed the microscope, until the infinite has been called forth from its hiding place in the familiar We have tracked the genesis of life from the single, simple cell, to the complex thinking and creative brain. Still, above us, around us, is a world of objects, calling to us with insistence, to study them, and so enlarge our minds that we may hold our own appointed place in the Universe of God.

Dogma,—the simple, unquestioning conviction regarding the things unseen, —has greatly weakened. For many it has utterly vanished. Will it return, changed in form, rehabilitated and glorious? Perhaps so. The soul and brain of man long for certitude. That is the explanation of every eager and passionate quest: we would know.

But whether we wait and pray for a truer and kindlier statement of the old faith, or desire a wholly new one we must recognize the intellectual glory and splendor of our epoch. We cannot remain indifferent to it. To lag behind is to lose the divine vision and leadership, and to be swallowed up of the inane. Just because we are impelled to drink deeply of the spirit of our age, we discover that our world is filled with interesting things, each endowed with a divine right to be known. The depths of the sea challenge us to fathom and explore them. The blue arch of the sky invites to flight. That subtle energy from which men once fled in fear when its track gleamed redly upon the background of the summer cloud, proffers its services to us, at the mere cost of our learning its secrets. It will bear us, or our merchandise whither we will; will convey our messages under the seas or over the mountains; will carry our promise of succor to laboring ships in the murk midnight of storm and peril. Even disease challenges us, and says: Know me! Trace the genesis of my subtle germs and poisons, and thou mayest banish me. Flee not to your altars and shrines: but come into my grim laboratory; not to pray, but to work and to know.

Nature stands before us with a full and eager mind. To listen to her reverently, to go outside the bounds of our present knowledge in order to learn new things, and by learning to enrich and strengthen our race in its struggle with the conditions that have enslaved us, this is the ideal of mental life that inspires the highest reason of our time.

You will not need that I should prove to you that the recognition of an authority which prescribes in advance the things that shall be believed is immediately preventive of mental progress. There must be no closed questions, except purely moral ones which lie well within the range of past human experience. To the ideals of mental life which prompt us to investigation, our minds owe unhesitating loyalty. Every object that is a part of our universe calls upon us to come forth from ourselves that we may interpret it. We must reverently acknowledge the divine right of the call, even though the time and strength, the faculties and opportunities of knowledge be denied to us. Religion with its conflicting claims makes no exception to this rule. It challenges the reason in us, as every great object does. We dare not fall back upon any authority deriving its sanctions from the past.

Let us look for a moment at the history of the development of authority in the Christian church. Centuries ago, an offshoot of the great Semitic race, evolved a monotheistic system of religion, which gave rise to a significant literature, —perhaps the most significant produced by any people up to that time. Its cosmogony was largely derived from older branches of the same Semitic stock. Its history was a compilation of legends, partly borrowed and adapted, partly original, which passed from generation to generation, through hundreds of years before the Hebrews had a written language. Its laws, prophecies, songs and proverbs expressed the spiritual aspirations and ethical judgments of widely sundered men and centuries. Finally, in the period between 800 and 600 B. C. priestly hands collected, sifted,

and somewhat clumsily arranged this folk-lore into what they called "The Books." In the course of centuries during which the race lost its autonomy, and passed under the yoke of more puissant nations, an intense patriotism was nurtured, as a result of which this literature took on sacred characteristics, which set it apart from other products of mind. From its interpretation and authority a type of life was produced which was neither wholly good nor wholly bad,—but it tended to artificiality and to stagnation. Then the nation produced from within itself a reformer, from the little town of Nazareth, in Judea. He wrote no books, developed no literature, founded no system of philosophy. Like other Oriental teachers he wandered in the open, and talked to little groups of people wherever he found them gathered. But, inasmuch as he was an innovator he was not acceptable to the religionists of his day, and was put to death. But it was an age of mental unrest. What age is not? Soon a religious cult was established which rapidly spread and increased in volume. It is significant that it called itself, "The Way." Perhaps it meant a way of life, or a way of thinking. We read that the reformers were first called Christians in derision, at Antioch.

For the first century, as churches were formed, the Old Testament continued to be regarded solely as "sacred literature." The teachings of Jesus were repeated from memory, while stories of his acts, with their miraculous elements, were gradually developed from the story-telling impulse of the human mind. The first and oldest written documents of the church were in the form of letters sent to individual churches by leaders who had labored in founding them. But even these were not accorded such authority as was supposed to inhere in the sacred books which bore the sanction of the leaders of Israel. Only after the lapse of seventy or a hundred years did men begin to think of reducing to a fixed form the traditional utterances and acts of Jesus. And when Gospels began to appear they were still esteemed of less value than the oral statements, even at second hand, of the fathers. But when the churches began to possess Gospels there seems soon to have developed some rivalry in the matter, and the Gospel of one church might be cited in contravention of that of another.

Then some larger minds set themselves the task of selecting, sifting, unifying and editing these various lives of Jesus, with the result that the Gospels familiar to us were produced, in the order, Mark, Matthew, Luke. That of John was brought out much later, after the influence of Greek philosophic thought had penetrated to the heart of the new faith. But even yet the new literature did not take rank with the Old Testament. Not until the controversial period arose in the churches was the need of an authoritative New Testament distinctly felt. Then representatives of the entire Church must be appointed to decide what writings should be accepted and what discarded, in the interests of church unity. An infallible authority was felt to be a necessity of the time.

From the time of the emporor Theodosius to the Reformation of Luther there was a consistent and logical method made use of to maintain the theory of an infallible authority:—an infallible book or books, and an infallible interpreter of the same; viz.: the Church in the person of its august head.

But to-day a fact which is standing out with increasing clearness is the disintegration of the doctrine of infallibility. The infallibility of the Scriptures cannot long be separated from the infallibility of the Church. Roman Catholic writers are, at this point, irrefutable in their logic. Luther's reformation, opening the way to individual interpretation, overthrew all authority outside the individual mind and soul. If we accept the premise of Biblical infallibility we must establish an administrative infallibility, if we would have more than an empty phrase. The doctrine of infallibility is an organism of ideas. It is not possible to detach one part of it from the rest. Let us see what it implies. In order to make administrative

or interpretative infallibility effective we must have a thoroughly clericalized church. The laity can have no part in its decisions. And when you have eliminated the laity from participation in its government, you will see that a clericalized church is also a monasticized church. The picked men of this system in order that they may realize the moral ideal, must be forbidden to marry. And this must also mean the giving up of all hope of moralizing the common life. Now if our thinking is clear, we must perceive that a ruinous price is being paid for the doctrine of infallibility,—no less than that of moral scepticism.

The rapid multiplication of sects, under the impulse given to free inquiry, by the Reformation, is a sufficient comment upon the attempt to establish the infallibility of the Bible, without an infallible interpretative medium. Each sect may insist upon the authority of the book, but each will insist that its peculiar interpretation must be accepted as final and conclusive. It becomes a dispute about words, in which the larger meanings, the spirit which must lie back of all literature that has significance, is entirely lost or misapprehended. Where statements are clear and unmistakable it becomes a purpose to fix upon twentieth century civilization the ethical conceptions which could only have pertinence in the age which gave them birth. For example, instead of presenting the attitude of Jesus toward life and its fundamental problems, we get specific rules, which may have been entirely fitting to the age in which he lived, but which fail to fit present conditions. As a single illustration, take the utterances of Jesus with reference to the lending of money and the taking of interest. If his rule were applied to-day, literally, every savings bank must give up its business. And you know, as a matter of fact, that the early church forbade its members to loan money upon interest. But as borrowing became sometimes necessary, the Jews, who had already forfeited their souls, and had nothing further to lose, were made the bankers of Europe.

Or take another illustration,—from the Pauline letters this time. Paul was a bachelor,—not quite well,—possibly dyspeptic,—and he believed that the end of the world was very near. So he spoke against marriage—urged the wisdom of celibacy, and showed clearly that he favored the subjection of woman. But, had he been living three years ago, with his acute, logical mind, I think he might have been found in company with Theodore Roosevelt, lamenting "race-suicide." If he really believed that the world was to be destroyed in a few months or a few years you can readily appreciate his disinclination to wedding festivities.

It is difficult for us to grasp the wide difference in the view-point between the world of Moses, David, Jesus or Paul, and the world of to-day. Each of these men sought to interpret the world in which he lived. Each added something to the sum of human knowledge. Each drew from his own age the inspiration for his ethical and spiritual life. But many of the commonest factors and forces of our business, social, and commercial life were deeply hidden from them in the breast of Nature. Theirs was a little world, of which they knew scarcely more than the modern child of six years. But, upon what they knew,—upon the experiences they had received, they builded their systems of thought, their ethics, their ideals. Should we do less than they? When they thought they had discovered a fact they cried to each other: "Thus saith the Lord." Their source of authority was in their deepest and highest experience. One deep thing they did discover: that God is in his world. We get no further in that direction. But our deductions from this deep, fundamental truth have been modified by thousands of other facts. The laws of gravitation, chemical affinity the conservation of energy, the indestructibility of matter, the dynamics of light, heat and electricity, the revelations of geology, astronomy and other related sciences, were unknown to them, and could not be anticipated.

But some one may say to me:—God revealed to them miraculously all the

modifications of thought implied by a knowledge of these things. But this presents at once a new difficulty. Every giving implies a receiving. Can there be a revelation in advance of the mental capacity to receive and understand the same? All nature is the manifestion of God. The creative and conserving energy is the Word of God. Man is the highest expression of this divine energy which we know. His effort to know and coordinate himself with the cosmos is the process of revelation. His highest authority is his latest thought, determined for him by his deepest knowledge of himself in his relations to the whole of nature. He is striving to think God's thoughts after him. He must hold himself in readiness to leave the vantage point of his thought of to-day for the beckoning height of to-morrow's advance. Therefore he will be tolerant of the vision of his fellows. He will be grateful for all the revelations of the past. He will appreciate the continuity of religious thought and life; but the only authority he can acknowledge must be that of the soul's insistent search for truth.

Hymns of the Unitarian Faith

THIS does not mean the hymns that Unitarians have written, or hymns expresive of peculiar Unitarian beliefs. People do not go to church to sing their dogmas, but their faiths and aspirations. And the hymns which Unitarians sing in their churches would be restricted to petty poverty, if only those which came from the hands of distinctly Unitarian writers were deemed Unitarian. We are to present in our columns during the year a series of articles on the Unitarian Hymn Writers, because we believe that their story marks a significant chapter in the development of our Unitarian cause, and more than that, of modern religious life. But we shall discover that the most notable thing about these writers is that they have written no hymns of dogma. They do not sing as Unitarians but as children of the universal faith, and their hymns find ready place in the collection of all denominations: their accent is pre-eminently that of the "Holy Catholic Church."

But the hymns of the Unitarian church are the hymns which our people in their habitual worship have adopted and made their own: their familiar and congenial vehicle of lyric aspiration. And as an introduction to our consideration of these distinctive Unitarian Hymn-writers we have made a somewhat general and not too minute study of three hymn-books prepared for worship in our Unitarian churches, which may be deemed fairly typical. One was compiled about twenty years ago by the wife of a minister of the oldest Unitarian church in New York City, and has been continuously used by a large proportion of the churches in the Middle States; the second is the abridged and more usable form of a book prepared about ten years ago by the sister of the pastor of the oldest Unitarian church in Boston, and is widely used in New England and indeed all over the country. The third is a recently compiled collection by a woman connected with an ancient New England parish. We doubt not that the circumstance that in every case the compiler is a woman has no vital significance though it is notable.

Of course the kernal of all these books is the winnowed treasure of the lyric accumulation of the Christian ages; and for that reason the title of Mrs. Loring's collection is very happy —"Hymns of the Ages." For the most part, inevitably, the "ages" in any case do not go back of the Protestant reformation, though noble hymns translated from the Latin appear in all the books. There is a certain tradition of persistence which holds together a certain body of classic hymn-stuff in our books even though in some cases its actual use is dying out. The "Hymns

of the Ages" has perhaps been most thoroughgoing in sloughing off the dead-stuff whose persistence is merely traditional. But it may surprise some people to discover how large a proportion of the hymns that our most liberal ongregations continually use are drawn from the wells of most insistent and uncompromising Calvinism, or defenders of the most evangelical faith. Probably the most atrociously cruel and unliberal hymns that were ever fashioned by human brain came from that great master of polemic lyric, Isaac Watts. Yet in the Unitarian hymn book most widely used in Unitarian churches, are seventeen of his hymns: and in each of the other two, we have scrutinized, are seven. Charles Wesley was not a Calvanist, but he was an ardent apostle of a type of theology hardly tolerable in Unitarian churches, and he would have deemed the triumph of the Unitarian faith the ruthless downfall of all Christian faith. But twenty-six hymns of his are in our most-used hymn-books and some of them, persistent favorites.

In "*Amori Dei*" 211 hymns are from English sources, and 77 from American; in "Hymns of the Ages" 152 are English and 126 American, while in "Church and Home" 254 are English, and 167 American. Of the English hymns in "*Amori Dei*" 24 are from Unitarian and 187 non Unitarian sources "Hymns of the Ages", 24 are from Unitarian and 128 non-Unitarian, sources: in "Church and Home" 236 are Unitarian and 18 non-Unitarian. Of the American hymns (note the radically changed ratio) in "*Amori Dei*" 42 are from Unitarian writers, 35 non-Unitarian (and we have classed Whittier in this group): in "Hymns of the Ages" 102 are Unitarian and 24 non-Unitarian: in "Church and Home" 137 are Unitarian and 30 non-Unitarian.* Of course the reasons for the inverted ratio are patent. For one thing the great masters of hymn-composition in all the great protestant churches have been English: they cover a longer period; while in recent years, there has been a marked revival in the Anglican church of hymn-production which has enriched the resources of all Christian fellowships, while it is significant that in America it is amongst the liberals chiefly that the zest of hymn composition has developed.

It is interesting to note the order of "favorites" in our three compilations. In "*Amori Dei*" Samuel Longfellow stands at the head for number: 12 of his hymns appearing; while in both of the other books he stands second, with 25 hymns in "Church and Home" and 14 in "Hymns of the Ages." The significance of these comparisons may be affected by remembering that "Church and Home" is the larger compilation with 506 hymns while "*Amori Dei*" has 383, and "Hymns of the Ages" is much smaller, with 315 hymns in all. The "leading favorite" in "Church and Home" is Charles Wesley with 26 hymns: while at the head of the list in "Hymns of the Ages" (remember its much smaller total content) is our own Hosmer with 20 hymns, "Church and Home" presents 18 of Hosmer's hymns while "*Amori Dei*" has only 8; standing third and fourth respectively in their lists, Whittier stands near the head in every collection: second in "*Amori Dei*" with 11 hymns and third in both of the others with 18 in "Church and Home" and 12 in "Hymns of the Ages". Nine of Montgomery's hymns appear in both "*Amori Dei*" and "Hymns of the Ages" (third and fourth in order respectively) his place in "Church and Home" is sixth with 17 hymns. Chadwick stands ninth in "*Amori Dei*" with 5 hymns

Of course numbers used in this connection may be misleading. Not all the hymns in any book have equal usage in any congregation. If we could discover just which hymns are sung most frequently from any book we would find a very different ratio in every case. Five or six of Samuel Longfellow's hymns, as many of Hosmer's and of Whittier's, beyond all doubt, far out-reach in actual influence of spiritual productiveness in our churches the whole traditionalized assembly of Watts, Wesley and Montgomery though their entries may not

These figures are not exact, as some authors we have not been able to place: but our approximation is near enough to be suggestive.

count up so high, while certain of the most effectively uplifting hymns belong to writers who have contributed only one or two to any collection.

We are just beginning to discover the peculiar riches which our Unitarian group of singers present. It is not denomination predelection, but actual vitality and passion of spirituality which make the really fructifying element of our hymn resources appear, not in the winnowed treasures of the past but in the fresh flowering of our own age prophecy. Unfortunately some of the finest of these hymns are sacrificed especially in the older collections by being set to unfamiliar and complicated tunes, while the carrying power of the classic favorites lies largely in their identification with familiar tunes. Some of Hosmer's noblest hymns have suffered in this way.

Who creates a church's real hymns? First of all, perhaps, What is a real hymn? Not simply a religious lyric, a poem about things spiritual. We insist indeed that every true hymn should be a bit of true literature: it must be artistically worthy; we have no patience with those who claim a modester place for true hymnology. But literary excellency does not make good hymns.

Indeed it is significant to note that a people's hymns are never the creation of its greatest poets. It has not been Milton or Shakespeare, or Wordsworth, —of course not Byron, Keats or Shellby and not Browning or Tennyson, who have produced any of the familiar hymns for the worship of English speaking peoples —though some of these men were pre-eminently charged with high ethical ideal and spiritual aspiration. Though the greatest of American poets have been Unitarians, and the best hymns in America have been written mainly by Unitarian people,—it is not the great poets who have written the hymns: not Emerson or Lowell or Longfellow or Bryant. One notable exception to this rating of course is Whittier (though not a Unitarian) for reasons that can later be explained: and Oliver Wendall Holmes has produced three or four hymns of distinctive value. But chiefly hymns are the product of minor poets, and poets of restricted range of genius. But in that range we insist, they have been truly poets: and a hymn that is not good poetry from a literary point of view is not quite worthy of a place in a modern church's service.

Nine-tenths of all the good hymns written have been the work of clergymen. That is inevitable, but no less significant. The best preachers are always partly poets and something lyric must be woven into the fabric of every essentially great sermon. But also the clergyman knows what true worship demands; knows pragmatically what a hymn has *to do*, and what can help to the accomplishment: there is an essential technique to hymn-writing as to every other serious art, and the clergyman is in place to master it. To him the hymn is not mere literature: it is an instrument of worship. Perhaps it is because of his limitations of genius that Whittier was really more of a preacher than a poet in all his work: and it is that that makes him so pre-eminently successful as a hymn writer. But the notable fact is that Whittier's hymns were not written as hymns: they have been chipped out of their setting in longer poems by other hands—and yet they prove good for what true hymns have to do. With no other poet has this been quite possible. A large proportion of our best hymns have been written by clergymen who have scarcely written anything else in verse and yet the lyric quality of these hymns is great. Practically without exception every great hymn writer has been an active and successful parish minister, producing out of his experience of service; not out of a retirement of prophetic aloofness, the songs that have enriched the church. A significant number of these have been by men who had no particular poetic aspiration. No Unitarian hymn-book will ever be compiled perhaps, that does not contain Parker's 'O Thou Great Friend" though hardly another verse of his will persist in use at all. "Lead Kindly Light" will doubtless prove im-

mortal for all Christian worship though nothing else of Newman's will find place in any hymn-book.

Of course a considerable number of our best hymns come from women: not therefore of the professional company; though a significant proportion of these are the wives or daughters of clergymen. But in most cases it is only one or two from each of these that appear in any hymn book. They are the occasional poems of women whose chief work has been poetry of another range.

The ideal Unitarian hymn book has yet to be made. Every one of these books we have surveyed contains a certain proportion of traditional dead wood: a certain proportion of new material introduced experimentally that has failed to make good: a certain proportion also, we regret, of material which does not quite honestly belong in a Unitarian hymn book, at all. No one can escape the conviction that the hymns of our later writers are better literature than most of the earlier school: but, too they are more *genuine*, more vitally spiritual, more finely interpretative of the spirit's best aspiration and needs: fuller of sunshine, and robuster in faith. It will be again for us when the fine wine of these things is less diluted with the thinner substance of an ancient conventional piety, and less entangled with elements of coarser, and more ignoble fibre. It is not merely denominational vain-glory, but a definite sense of an opportunity to accentuate higher values of spiritual strength and beauty that makes it seem worth while to throw into relief for our readers the essential qualities of the hymn-stuff which our own prophets and singers have produced.

An Age of Growing Faith

By REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND

THE impression is common that ours is an age of doubt and skepticism, an age when religious faith is at a low ebb and it still declining. Is this impression well founded?

I do not think so. The truth seems rather to be that our time is one of transition, of change from old forms of faith to new.

There have been many transitional ages in the past. That of Micah and Hosea and Isaiah was one. That of Jesus was another. That of Protestant Reformation was still another. There were many honest and earnest persons living in each of those ages, who thought that religion was being overthrown. But we, to-day, looking back, see that they were mistaken. Transition did not mean destruction. Faith was not dying; it was seeking a new and more adequate expression; it was adjusting itself to the thought and intellectual needs of a new time.

Few things are more surprising in the study of religious history than to see how generally great prophets and religious reformers have been denounced by large numbers of their contemporaries as infidels and destroyers. The Old Testament prophets were nearly all thus denounced. Jesus and his disciples were. Luther and Calvin were. So were Wesley and Channing. Going outside of Christianity, Buddha, the great religious reformer of India, was. So was Socrates, the great moral teacher of Greece. But, as a fact, all these were men of far greater faith than their contemporaries; they were the pre-eminent faith-men of their nations. Later ages saw it so, and honored them accordingly. Who can doubt that coming ages will see that many of the men of our time, whom we lightly call "heretics" and "destroyers of faith", are really prophets of God, who are laying for faith deeper and firmer foundations?

"I looked; aside the dust-cloud rolled,
The waster seemed the builder too,
Upspringing from the ruined old,
I saw the New.

" 'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still."

The faith of our age is manifesting itself in certain new forms, to which we may well give attention.

One is faith in truth.

No age in the past ever had such faith in truth as ours. This is what our science means. This is the explanation of the universal spirit of investigation, manifested in our time. Only as men have faith in truth have they any incentive to investigate. The reason why men devote their lives to the arduous labor of searching for truth in all departments of knowledge is because they believe that truth exists, and that it is of inestimable value.

Another form of present-day faith is faith in man, faith in *human nature*, faith that humanity is sound and true at the core. It is upon this faith that all popular government rests. Liberty is growing in the world; constitutional government and democratic institutions are spreading. This is because faith in man is spreading and deepening.

Faith in *law* is another characteristic of our time. We see law everywhere. In this, we differ radically from all preceeding ages. We base our science upon physical law. We are learning to base our religion upon moral and spiritual law. We are learnng to see law in the Divine order.

Perhaps the greatest of all the new faiths of our time is faith in *progress*—faith that the world is advancing, that truth is growing, that human conditions are improving, that man is rising, and that all this will continue, because it is God's method and plan of things. It is the faith of Evolution—that word which has frightened us so much, but which, at last, we are finding out, has wrapped up in it great things for the spiritual life of man, as well as for physical science. It is the faith so well expressed by Tennyson:

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed.
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete."

All these are very great and noble faiths. No age can justly be charged with being an age of doubt that gives birth to such. They mean a distinct enlargement of the spiritual life of man. Really, they are all new and very vital forms of *belief in God*. Our thought of God is somewhat changing from that of our fathers. But it is not growing poorer. Science is enlarging and enriching it. The new knowledge that is coming to men is broadening and deepening it. Never before was there so much or so well founded faith in God as now.

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Dr. W. H. Ramsay to Retire

Rev. William H. Ramsay, for seven years pastor of the Church of the Messiah, has submitted to the board of trustees of the church his resignation to take effect at the close of the present year.

Mr. Ramsay has been minister of the Church of the Messiah in this city for the past seven years. His resignation will be to the members of the congregation a matter of serious regret, for to them is best known his devotion and zeal.

But outside of congregational work, Dr. Ramsay has been an active exponent of those things that make for righteousness in a great city, that make for kindliness, for social progress, for aid to those in distress. In Dr. Ramsay every good cause has had a sincere advocate. In the course of his congregational work and in connection with that broader work to which he always devoted himself, Dr. Ramsay has spoken with earnestness and emphasis for a reform in the school conditions of this city, and from his pulpit pleaded for a wider interest in the education of the people.

Mr. Ramsay's conception of influence of the Church is that it must be in the world, but not of it; an impulse to better living, both to those directly connected with it and those to whom the Church reaches out to aid and to advance. Dr. Ramsay's removal will be regretted, not by his congregation alone, but by the community at large.—*Leading Editorial in a prominent Louisville Daily.*

The Modern Church

Conducted By REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

BY the courtesy of the Editor of THE UNITARIAN, and entirely at his own initiative, I have been granted the regular use of this department, which I have called "The Modern Church." The meaning of this heading is obvious. I propose to use the space allotted me here each month for the frank and free discussion of the ideals of the modern church as contrasted with what may be called the traditional church. I believe that, as the day of the Catholic church passed with the opening of the 16th century, so the day of the Protestant church passed with the opening of the 20th century; and that with the dawning of this new age in which we live has come the call for a new church such as the world has never seen before. And it is for this new church I here propose to contend from month to month. I have taken charge of this department not because I find writing amusing, nor because I flatter myself that my readers will be amused by anything I may have to say. I have undertaken this task in order that I may present a cause, fight a battle, and, with God's grace, win a victory. On the one hand, there is a whole lot of silly sentimentalisms, smug self-complacency, Pharisaical intolerance, and sincere old-foggism in our Unitarian body which badly needs showing up in all its wretched rags and patches, and I propose here to do some of this "shining up" business without regard to any person or any church. On the other hand, there are surging to-day in the minds and hearts of hundreds of the younger men and women in our body, new ideas and new ideals of religion, which, if fostered and developed, are destined to master our church in the near future and make it what it truly ought to be; and so far as in me lies, I propose here to interpret these ideas and ideals and encourage their expression. The ancient church can no longer satisfy the needs of our time,—we must have a "modern church" to serve this modern age. The religion of yesterday and of to-day no longer appeals to living men; we welcome the "new religion of the future." To the service of the "modern church" and to the interpretation of this "new religion of the future", this department is herewith dedicated.

To the man who believes in the traditional church, and especially to the minister who likes to talk about the "church as a power-house", the present trend in religious affairs must seem truly alarming. What a deplorable age, to be sure, we are living in! What scandalous things are being done before the consecrated altars of God! What outrageous traitors to their ordination vows and their appointed tasks the ministers of the churches are proving themselves to be! One has only to read the newspapers and watch the procession of current events, to realize that the church is going to the dogs, and that something must be done to restore it to its true mission and its ministers to their right minds.

For example, take the city of New York. Can the whole history of the Christian church show a more awful spectacle than that which is now to be witnessed in this chief city of America? Here do we find church after church of every denomination giving itself to a systematic consideration of social problems. This, too, on Sunday!! Was ever such desecration!!! Here are Holy Trinity (Episcopal), Plymouth Church (Congregational), Manhattan Church (Congregational), Church of the Ascension (Episcopal), Church of the Messiah, (Unitarian), not to mention many others, which announce every Sunday special meetings at which leading social reformers, sane and insane, are asked to speak and present their theories of social regeneration. Here are the doors of these churches of God being thrown wide open—and on

Sunday, mind you—to single taxers, socialists, anarchists, and trades unionists, to preach their irreligious gospels, and to teach the church, forsooth, its duty to society! As though every sane man didn't know that the church had no duty to any society other than that of the New Jerusalem!

But this is not all! Things are getting worse and worse every day. Here is Dr. Henry A. Stimson, minister of the Manhattan Congregational Church at Broadway and 76th Street, organizing his congregation for *practical* work in politics and social reform. In October, for example, at the time of the recent municipal campaign, an official committee of this church, under the leadership of its pastor, undertook the systematic investigation of the character and qualifications of the various candidates for office and published its findings and recommendations to the city. A few weeks later ,when the discussion was hot in political circles as to whether Mr. Ray B. Smith was a fit man to be Clerk of the Assembly at Albany, Dr. Stimson's church investigated that question. "We have instituted an investigation," said Dr. Stimson, "and we shall make it our business to find out why it is that this man Smith is allowed to dictate to the Legislature. We intend to assist agitation which may bring about a correction of this condition." And now, as though this renegade church had not wandered far enough afield from the path of true religion, Dr. Stimson's congregation has appointed a committee to consider the merits of the controversy at present raging over the extortionate price of milk. Now what on earth can the price of milk have to do with religion? To be sure, expensive milk means that thousands of infants are deprived of proper nourishment and die. It means that countless invalids among the poor suffer deprivation. It means that certain men are prospering at the expense of the public welfare. But certainly the Church of God hasn't anything to do with contemporary questions such as these! And yet, Dr. Stimson and his people seem not to recognize the error of their ways at all. "We have followed the principle" says Dr. Stimson, "that *the well-being of our immediate congregation was secondary to the well-being of the community.* The work of the church is to respond to the public need. I do not regard our activities as revolutionary in the least. I do not regard them in any sense as a departure from the regular line of real church work." Here certainly is a heretic of the first order and it is high time that he be made to suffer the penalties of heresy.

Nor is this all. On the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days of December there took place an event in New York calculated to make every dead minister of the true gospel turn over in his grave, and every living minister of the true gospel turn over in his slumbers. The event to which I refer was the Sociological Conference conducted under the auspices of the Department of Charity and Labor of the Presbyterian church, which was held on the three days mentioned in Dr. Parkhurst's church in Madison Square. The topic for the first day was "Social Conditions Confronting the Church"; for the second day, "Social Affairs Challenging the Church." And for the third day "A social program for the Church." Among the speakers were Norman Hapgood, Editor of *Collier's*, Luther H. Gulick, President of the Play-grounds Association of America, Edw. T. Devine, Secretary of the CharityOrganization Society of New York, Owen R. Lovejoy, Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, John Mitchell, Ex-president of the Miners' Union, Chas. Sprague Smith, Director of the People's Institute, Franklin H. Giddings, Robert Hunter, John Spargo, socialists all. Among the subjects discussed were:—"The Church and the Community"; "Social Problems in the City"; "Children in Industry"; "Women in Industry"; "Socialists at Work"; "Socialism as a Religious Movement"; "Socialism and the Church"; etc. It was said that Presbyterian ministers within a radius of five hundred miles attended the Conference for the purpose "of frankly discussing the social problems which should be brought to the attention of the church and concerning which the church

must present a remedy". Whether expert alienists were present at this Conference for the purpose of discovering how many of these Presbyterian clergymen should be consigned to lunatic asylums is not known, but it is suspected that the prime instigator of this Conference, Rev. Chas. Stelzle, is under constant observation. Certainly something of this kind must be done, and done at once if the Church of God is to be rescued from these crazed fanatics and restored to its true vocation,—"pure religion and undefiled."

Of course for such occurrences as these we Unitarians can have nothing but contempt and scorn. We are of course above such things. We are intellectual and cultured. We are able to keep our mental poise in the face of foolish agitation. We are faithful to the dictates of the reason. Above all, we are respectable and proper, and certainly are not in need of instruction from such disreputable and improper persons as these of whom we have been speaking. We at least understand, if nobody else does, that religion is concerned with the cultivation of character, and has nothing whatsoever to do with the conditions of society; that the true church has enough to do conducting a service of worship without bothering about rescuing men and women from intolerable social injustices; that the church can have no higher aim than to go to the engineer who has been crushed beneath his wrecked locomotive and to teach him to die with a prayer and not a curse upon his lips! Certainly we have nothing to learn about how to conduct a church, or how to serve religion. We are the people, and the truth is ours! And yet, may it be confessed, that some of us younger men, who have not the stupendous knowledge and the complete experience of our elders, have serious doubts about the complacency of modern Unitarianism. Seeing such development on every hand as these which are transpiring in New York, we are getting restless and are wondering whether there may not be a road of progress even beyond the position now occupied by Unitarians. We at least feel that even our Unitarian elders, with all their knowledge and experience, have not yet acquired all truth, and that there may be something which even they do not know and some road of progress which they have not traveled; and so, with colossal audacity there are some of us who are venturing to experiment and see if religion is not really something greater and grander and more serviceable than even we Unitarians have ever understood. Somewhere in the back-ground of our minds there rings the phrase "The Kingdom of God." Somehow we seem to recall hearing about a man named Jesus of Nazareth, who came to establish that Kingdom. And somehow or other our little experience seems to show that the modern world does not exactly match this idea of the Kingdom of which we have dimly heard. That being the case, what other thing have we to do,—what other thing can we do,—than to attempt to establish this Kingdom? To this end a few of us have set our hands. "If we fail, we fail," but if we succeed we have faith to believe that, for the first time in the history of Christianity, a Christian Church will really be doing the work of Christ.

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Morning and Evening: Another Day

The age of poets is gone: now no one sings
Save in the soft asides of pastime grace,
Or dainty ecstacies and half-whisperings
Of spent emotions,—drift from other days.
Why grieve? 'Tis morning-time, when men that *live*
Have other passions: riotous zests that rise
Eager to grasp and hold, and know, and give
Quick challenge to a world of wild surprise;
When all that is, is changed to something new—
New law, new faiths, new rashness of grim doubt;
New God:—new daring of man's leap to do
The tasks that once were God's, all God without.
When evening of such day shall fall, with strange new peace,
Heaven! what a Voice shall shout the new time's ecstacies!

For the Home

Down Break-Neck Hill

By A. H. B.

"I TELL you what!" cried Jack Norton, as he came thumping into the dining-room, one noon. "Coasting down Break-neck Hill is fine! That rain last night just froze on, and the whole coast is one glare of ice. It must be a mile long fom the top clear down to the bottom."

"O Jack! that's an awful stretch of fact;" said his sister Jennie, as she smoothed the freshly laid table-cloth, stealing a glimpse of the pretty reflection of herself in the side-board mirror, at the same time.

"It's full half a mile, anyway, Jan; and if you just slue your sled to the right as you pass the big elm, you go over a jolly jounce, 'bout two feet down, and toward Dr. Morris's."

Jennie paid little attention to Jack's enthusiasm, only pausing in her task of setting the table to toss him a superior little smile, as he added boastfully:—

"And I was the only boy of my size who dared try it with a single sled. I tell you, I felt as if I was dropped from the clouds. My sled just flew! I took the jounce, too."

But if Jennie, with the dignity of seventeen years to maintain, was inclined to smile patronizingly at such boyish pride not so Dora, his twin sister and staunch admirer. She was listening with brighening eyes; and when he finished, announced:

"If my throat gets well by tomorrow, I'm going down Break-Neck Hill, and have a coast, too."

"I guess you can't, Dode;" interrupted Jack. "Why, it was as much as I could do, to steer straight; and—"

"Well, I rather think that if you could steer straight, I could, too, Master Jack," broke in Dora.

"But I say there hasn't been a girl on the coast for a week."

"Time one came, then." laughed Dora gaily; and then, drawing herself up as straight and prim as possible, added:

"And there is nothing that has a more refining influence upon boys than the companionship of a sweet and cultivated girl, and — with a whirl and a bow, "that's me! I guess I haven't heard Miss Noble make that remark about girls almost every day for a whole term, without just aching to try its effect."

"Miss Noble didn't mean a tom-boy like you, you may be sure, Dora. Any way, you'd just about scream your head off, sliding down that coast; for the sled goes like mad, so that you can hardly breathe, and the wind makes your eyes sting. You would be scared to death, I know."

"Tom-boy! Guess I'm not! Didn't I hem two towels for Mamma, and make a sheet of ginger-bread for Jennie, while she was rocking baby to sleep, besides learning my lessons for tomorrow, all this morning? Just because I'm not afraid of my shadow, or of losing my breath, either,—and can skate as well as you—"

"Come, children, luncheon is ready," interrupted Jennie, "And I want you to get through as quickly as possible, so I can get the dishes done before baby wakes up."

"When is Mamma coming home?" asked Jack, a little later, as he lavishly buttered a generous slice of bread.

"Not till late this evening." answered Jennie. "Auntie wanted her and Papa to stay as long as they could. Mamma was afraid to go, lest some of us,—" looking significantly at Jack and Dora,—"would get into mischief, but I told her that we were all old enough to behave,

except baby Harold, and we could all take turns tending him."

"Guess we will have to let Mamma see how good we can be," said Dora virtuously; as they pushed their chairs back from the table; and, as though to clinch her resolution, immediately began to clear off the table, a task which generally she could be persuaded to begin only after much urging from Jennie.

"Oh, Jack," called Dora, as her brother pulled on his cap and coat, ready to start for school, again. "Come home as soon as you can, wont you—please? I'm to be all alone , the whole afternoon; for Jennie has to keep Harold away from me, lest he catch my sore throat; and the Happy Hour Club meets, today, so that none of the girls can come over; and it gets awfully lonesome with nobody here."

Jack looked at his sister's wistful face with a much gratified smile upon his own. That self-reliant lassie seldom asked for his company in such a coaxing way. His first, boyish, impulse was to tease her but time was scarce, and it would not do to risk being late to school even for the fun of making Dora sputter. So he merely called back as he slammed the door behind him:

"Perhaps—if I don't go coasting on Break-Neck Hill."

"Never mind," said Jennie, consolingly. "I guess he will come; and if he doesn't, maybe baby will stay asleep all the afternoon, so that you may have me for company." Then, noticing the frown of disappointment that still lingered on the little girl's face, she added:

"Come, I'll finish up these dishes, and then we will make some molasses-candy"

That inducement sent all thoughts of loneliness flying, and soon the sound of cracking nuts and the odor of boiling molasses filled the large, old-fashioned kitchen.

It had all been pulled, cut, chilled, and generously sampled by the girls before the baby's shrill, quick cry summoned Jennie to the nursery, leaving Dora quite alone. It was time for school to be out, already, and she went to the window to see whether she could recognize any of the scholars on the distant road, and to watch for Jack.

She had not long to watch. He soon came, running and slapping his arms about him like a wind-mill; and as he caught sight of his sister's face through the window, snatched up handsful of snow and pelted the pane, with Dora's nose for a target. Soft snow was too scarce for much of this frolic, however, and in a moment he was stamping up the backsteps, shouting;

"Who's made molasses candy? Is it hard, yet? Give me some. I say this is tip-top! I like it with nuts in it better."

"I am so glad you came home, Jack," said Dora, after school news had been talked over.

"I came home so as to get something done on those boats I promised to make for the "Fresh Air Fair." I happened to remember them in school."

"That's just lovely of you, Jack. I hoped you would start them, pretty soon."

"Well, ma'am, you'd better try being *just lovely*, yourself," with a comical imitative squeak in his voice, as nearly like his sister's as he could make it;—"if you expect to get those dolls you promised dressed in time for anything, this year."

"I tell you, Jack: I'll bring my dolls and sewing in here, and commence, right off, if you will. I'll have this side of the table, and you can have the other, for your boats; and we'll have a plate of candy between us."

"Let me get some tools, then," replied Jack; and he ransacked his father's tool-chest in a closet, near by. The most formidable knife and chisel were seized upon, as best fitted for his boat-building; and soon both children were settled down to work; although work at first consisted mainly of telling of the great things each meant to do—and eating candy. As the real work itself grew more interesting, however, conversation flagged.

There had been perfect silence for some moments, when a a quick exclamation from Jack caused Dora to look up. Jack's face was white, and he was clutching his left wrist with the other hand in a strange way; and beneath his hand was a bleeding gash.

"O Jack, how did you do it? Isn't it awful!" gasped Dora. "Can't I help you? Let me get some bandages!"

"No Dode, call Jennie!—and be quick."

But there was little need of the last order. Dora had started for Jennie as soon as her name was spoken; and soon the older sister was there, with bandages in abundance from Mrs. Norton's ready store.

But either the the wound was a most serious one, or Jennie lacked experience in bandaging; for all her efforts to staunch the bleeding proved ineffectual.

"O Jack, I wish I knew what to do to stop it, but I can't! Does it hurt very much, dearie?"

"Guess I can stand it," replied Jack, trying to smile and to look as if it were a great joke. But somehow the smile proved a failure, for his under-lip began trembling at such a rate that he had to draw it and hold it firmly with his teeth.

"If only some one were here who knew just what to do! moaned Jennie.

"I'll go for someone, "cried Dora, starting up eagerly.

"If you only will! run down to Mrs. Ferguson's and ask her to come up; and have her send one of the boys for the Doctor. And quick."

In a twinkling, Dora's wraps were on, and she was out of the door. As she ran down the steps, she saw Jack's sled leaning against the house.

"I'll take Jack's sled, and go down Break-Neck to the Doctor's, myself," she thought. "'Twont take any longer than to go to Mrs. Ferguson's; and she will have to know all about it before she starts, and that Dan Ferguson is such a poke, he wouldn't get to the Doctor's tonight!"

And as her little brain thought these things out, her feet were hurrying her to the top of Break-neck. As she stopped to catch her breath, she glanced down the steep, icy surface of the coast. It looked formidable; but undaunted she brought her sled around to its place, and, springing on, boy-fashion, with one foot out behind as a rudder, she was in another second, dashing down at almost breathless speed. It almost seemed as though she were falling, she went so fearfully fast. The wind blew in her eyes and stung them until the tears started. It caught her breath from her, and she felt as though she was choking. If she could only cry or scream,—or something! But Jack had always said that it was only "sillies" who made such a fuss.

She was almost at the bend by the big elm, when she spied a double-runner in her course.

"La, la! Clear the track!" shouted Dora, with a vigor quite unusual even for her; then she felt better. The bad feeling in her throat was gone and it was without the least fear now that she steered her sled around, and took the "jounce", into the field that extended towards Dr. Morris's.

The jounce was something she had never taken before, and she did not take it as the boys did: by letting go of the sled, for a moment, and dropping easily to place again upon it after the jump was taken. Instead, Dora clung the more tightly to the long prongs of the runners, fearful lest she should lose control for an instant. She came down with a terrific thump, and guided her sled into the deep-worn track which stretched across the field. She was well towards the Doctor's when a sharp pain in her left arm made her let go of one runner, and look anxiously at the wellclad wrist. Nothing appeared wrong to the sight, however, and she grasped the runner of the sled firmly again. But the sharp pain forced her to let go. and place the disabled arm across her back, where the jar of the sled was not so perceptible.

"You old stupid" she apostrophised; "of course you had to give out, somewhere! lucky you waited until you were off the hill, for steering down there with one hand would not be much fun. I wish it wouldn't ache so! Now I know how poor Jack feels; only of course his is so much worse!"

And now, as the sled slowed up, Dora jumped off, and, catching the rope in her hand, ran as fast as she could toward the house. Dr. Morris's horse and sleigh

were standing in the drive-way, and the Doctor himself was at the horse's head, examining the bit.

"If he should jump in and ride off, now," thought Dora, "Jack might have to wait hours before he came back. He mustn't go! Dr. Morris! Dr. Morris! *Doctor*!" she shouted,—the last word a dispairing shriek, for the Doctor had paid no attention to her first calls, and was calmly getting into his sleigh. But he heard, at last, and stopped.

"Why, what's the matter Dora?" he exclaimed, as soon as she was within speaking distance.

The story was quickly told and when it was finished, the Doctor said:

"Now, little girl, just hitch your sled to the back of the sleigh, and then jump in with me, and we will be home, in a twinkling of an eye."

A few minutes brought them to the Norton's house, and Dora ushered the Doctor to the kitchen, where things were much as she had left them. Only Jack looked paler, and had his lips more tightly set, if possible. Such a look of relief came over his face, and Jennie's too, when the Doctor came in, and took charge of the wounded arm!

"Dora, you had better take the baby into the other room." said Jennie. "I'll stay and help the Doctor,if he needs me. '

Obediently Dora picked up the crying child, and carried him awkwardly away, in her well arm. The other ached so bitterly, now, that she could hardly bear it. In a short time Jennie and the Doctor came into the room where she was, on their way to the front door. Jack had been sent up-stairs, to lie down.

"He will be as well as ever, in a day or so," the Doctor was saying. "The cut is an ugly looking one but it is nothing serious. Well, Miss Dora, you were a pretty persistent girl, to get me here so soon. If you hadn't waylayed me, I would be five miles from here, by this time. You're a plucky girl, and no mistake!" and he took the child's hand in his own great grasp, with friendly cordiality. But a sharp cry of pain from her surprised him.

"Why, what's the matter? Something wrong with your arm? Let me look." And while Dora told him of her trip down Break-neck Hill, he examined a now much swollen wrist with professional gravity.

"Why, child? you have broken the bone; a compacted fracture, upon my word! I must set it, immediately. It may hurt somewhat, but you will try to bear it like a brave little woman, won't you?

"Yes, sir," was the proud reply; and Dora's lips were drawn tightly, and her face took on an expression so like that of Jack's, a few moments ago, that the Doctor could hardly restrain a smile. He was as gentle as he could be, but the setting was painful and tedious, and the little girl's pluck was tested to its utmost. But she was good for it, and when Jack, who was too restless to obey the commands for lying down, came in a little later, and heard the whole story, he raised his adoring sister to the seventh heaven of pride and joy, by exclaining:

"Down Break-neck Hill! and had a wrist set, without squealing! Glory, Dode you're plucky enough to be a boy! There isn't another girl in creation could come up to you!"

With praise like that from Jack, Dora felt almost willing to break a wrist, every day in the week.

What One Junior Alliance is Doing.

A group of young girls in the Church of Our Father, Rutherford, N. J. having reached an age when, to be interested in the church some work must be given them to do, it seemed wise to an older member of the parish to form them into a working club of some kind.

This was done, and the girls over twelve years old were organized about five years ago, taking the name of Junior Alliance, although it was not until sometime later that they became an auxilliary to the Woman's Alliance.

The aim of the Junior Alliance has been a charitable one, doing what the members can for others. Whenever an appeal comes for a barrel of clothing for the colored schools of the south, or any other request that can be fulfilled by the Junior Alliance, the minister gladly turns

to them for help, knowing that all demands will be efficiently answered.

Every Thanksgiving a barrel of vegetables is sent to the Warren Goddard House supplying, with the meat given from other sources, dinners for ten families.

At Christmas time a box of baby clothes made by the young girls themselves, is given to some one of the hospitals near Rutherford.

A great interest is taken in children who are sick and in need,and therefore, every June, money is sent from the Junior Alliance to support a bed in the Sea Breeze Hospital for Crippled Children A contribution as large as the treasury will allow is also made to the Fresh Air Fund.

Meetings are held twice a month in the afternoon in the minister's study. The social half-hour, during which light refreshments are served comes first so that if anyone is late she may miss pleasure and not work, and all may be present for the business meeting which is followed by the sewing hour.

From the first meeting in the fall until Christmas time the members are busy during this hour making baby clothes for the Christmas box. After the holidays, work is begun for the sale given in the spring or early summer to raise money for the Sea Breeze Hospital bed.

While the girls work some one reads to them from an interesting book that has been chosen by vote of the club.

During the year silver teas, plays and other entertainments are given, the result of which is money in the treasury with which to buy the needed materials for the sewing hour, and an increase of social interest among the members.

As a distinctly church work the Junior Alliance has assumed the entire charge of furnishing and arranging the flowers for the Sunday morning services. While as an auxilliary of the Woman's Alliance, the Junior Alliance has charge of the Cheerful Letter work.

Time has proved that the Junior Alliance is a valuable feature of the church life, bringing together as it does the young girls and opportunities for helping others in a way that, at the same time, satisfies their social interests.

The record of work done for others shows that the organization has been for good, while the enthusiasm of the members this year for the meetings, at which it is now rare to have one member absent,proves that it has not been without an influence upon the workers themselves. E. P.

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Amongst Ministers

Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York delivered the Sunday night address at Ford Hall, Boston, on Nov. 21, to an audience of more than 1,300 people. His subject was the "Moral Unrest of our Times."

Rev. Richmond Fisk has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Ayer, Mass., and is to begin his work January 1. Mr. and Mrs. Fisk will make their home with their daughter Mrs. E. B. Butterfield and family, who are all active members of the Ayer church.

A memorial, in the shape of a stained-glass window, is to be placed in the Unitarian Church in West Newton, for an old pastor and friend, Rev. Francis Tiffany. The designer is now making a sketch of an English window, similar to others in the church. Others who loved Mr. Tiffany may like to contribute, and contributions may be sent to Miss Lucy E. Allen, West Newton, Mass.

Rev. D. Roy Freeman, formerly of Dorchester, Mass, has received and accepted a unanimous call to All Souls church, Braintree, Mass.

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"This last century has made it probable, if not sure, that unless the churches more actively, boldly, successfully translate the visions of Jesus into the realized kingdom of righteousness on the earth, honor and power and function will be taken from them and given to other forces of human uplift-"—*William C. Gannett.*

Notes from the Field

First Unitarian Church
Schenectady. N. Y.
Rev. Albert W. Clark
Minister

The Schenectady church has been enjoying a visit from Rev. and Mrs. Chas. P. Lombard whose ministry in the service of the parish lasted from 1901 to 1906, and it is largely due to his faithful work during these early years that the present happy and successful church is now established. Tuesday evening, November 30, the Women's Alliance held a reception for Mr. and Mrs. Lombard. The Friday following, the Man's Club of the First Unitarian Church was organized at the close of the men's dinner, also served by the Alliance. The Men's Club will be federated with the National League of Unitarian laymen. The Schenectady church has had a prosperous and happy year. Its prospect is most encouraging. Its minister is actively engaged in the philanthropic work of the city as the secretary of the Associated Charities. Much satisfaction is found in the number of young men who attend the services, there always being more men than women in the congregation.

Church of Our Father
Lancaster, Pa.
Rev. E. R. Shippen
Minister

The Women's Alliance is rejoicing in results of a Christmas bazaar. The net proceeds, including some generous gifts of money from Mr. Shippen's former parishioners in Dorchester amounted to five hundred dollars. The success of the enterprise, in fact, was largely due to the assistance of friends from a distance who sent, besides money, choice articles which were appreciated by the Lancaster public. To these sincerest thanks are due. A foreign table with Florentine frames, illuminated parchment, and other artistic things picked up abroad by one of the members of the church last summer, offered one of the attractions. Another was a Japanese tea-garden with a realistic temple gate at the entrance, decorated with wistaria blossoms, attendants in costume, and Jap articles sent by friends in San Francisco. A class in basketry met regularly for some weeks previous to the bazaar, its reed and raffia products being readily disposed of. A quilting party anticipating the sale, proved profitable as well as pleasant socially. Supper *a la carte* was served, adding appreciably to the success of the two evenings. Other Alliances may be glad to accept as a suggestion the policy of the Lancaster fair: "No trash; no raffles; no soliciting; no overcharging." It seemed to bring the public in large numbers to Emerson Hall, the reasonable prices especially commending the management and confirming a reputation for liberality in all things.

Yarmouth, Maine.
Rev. L. R. Daniels,
Minister

From a private letter we are permitted to quote the following letter: "I am glad to report that things are surely coming our way. The morning congregations are larger than ever. The Sunday School seems very prosperous. The Y. P. R. U. keeping good its past record. Ladies' Circle three times as large as last year—We have put the Church Calendar into many homes and have subscribed for 100 copies of the *Church of the Modern Spirit*, which we scatter broadcast. At our recent mid-year conference pastor and people got together and looked over the field and planned. At their Conference the matter of a Men's Club came up for consideration and the men wished to make a move at once—the outcome is a club of 61 members up to date—shall hold meetings once a month—and occasionally oftener. Also we have planned a series of vesper Services held second Sunday of each month—the first one held this November, was well attended. Dr. Perkins of Portalndgave the address. Our next speaker will be Dr. Emmons of All Souls Church, Portland, Universalist. Our men's Club has a junior branch—already 20 young fellows are enrolled.

Church of the Messiah
Montpelier. Vt.
Rev. W. R. Clark
Minister

Rev. J. Edward Wright, D. D., who retired last summer from this pastorate, happily remains as pastor emeritus, and is active as ever in the missionary service of the community and the neighboring towns, preaching once or twice every Sunday in school-houses and churches of various denominations. Last Sunday, in addition to his school-house appointment, he filled the pulpit of the Barre

Congregational Church. Rev. Ward R. Clarke, who has supplied the pulpit since September 1, has entered on his work as pastor under happy auspices, and with good promise of large usefulness. Mr. Clarke was invited to preach the sermon at the union Thanksgiving service last week. The ladies of the Alliance have just held a successful rummage sale, and are busy in preparation for the annual Christmas sale to be held nextweek.

Second Unitarian Church
West Somerville, Mass.
Rev. W. C. Pierce
Minister

The society is having plans prepared for a new church edifice, which, it is hoped, will be erected early next year. The society is actively working to make a success of its Bazaar of Nations, which will be held December 8, 9, 10 at the church on College Avenue.

North Church
Salem, Mass.
Rev. Theodore D. Bacon
Minister

At the close of vacation the church resumed its usual activities. The opening meeting of the Alliance was held in Oct. Union meetings of the three Unitarian churches held once a month are all well attended. At the first meeting Rev. C. F. Dole gave an interesting talk on "Our Belief About God."

The Second Union Meeting, Rev. H. H. Mott, of Nashua, N. H. gave another very interesting paper on "Our Belief about Jesus Christ." Mr. Mott is a brother of the Rev. Frederick B. Mott, a former pastor of Barton Square Church here in Salem. He is now pastor of a church at Cardiff, England.

The Salem Unitarian Club held its first meeting in November. Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D. D. addressed the Club on "The Church and Social Justice"; this club was organized last year and has a good membership.

The many friends of the Rev. George D. Latimer former pastor of North Church were delighted to welcome him back to this city after an absence of a two years tour around the world. He officiated at a wedding at the North Church the bride being a prominent lady of his former society.

New Books

The Right to Believe: by Eleanor Harris Rowland, Ph.D. Instructor in Philosophy and Phychology in Mount Holyoke College. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Co. 202 pages, $1.25 net.

This pleasant little volume of genial pragmatism came to our hands while we were reading Prof. Doan's recent book, which we have reviewed elsewhere. Of course they are of very different fibre. Will it be deemed ungracious to hint that the one is masculine and the other feminine? Of course that does not explain all the difference: nor does the fact that one is orthodox and the other violently hetrodox. But both these circumstances surely enter into a certain difference which is—well, interesting,

Dr. Rowland's volume is itself interesting beyond a doubt. Without the least blemish of "fine writing" or dramatic effects" in illustration,it holds the attention from the first and lures one on to further reading by the quietc harm anddirect simplicity of its diction. There is nothing feverish or intense and there is nothing ambitiously abstruse or complexly obscure in its content, but there is the sense always of worthy thought, and adequate study and a well trained mind's competency to lead one in such discussions, even though the conclusions arrived at are not in every case acceptable to the reader.

The conclusions arrived at are not like those of Dr. Doan; though both alike are pragmatists. With Dr. Doan pragmatism leads to an impatient, even indignant overthrow of conventional systems of theology. With Dr. Rowland's pragmatism, orthodoxy comes out quite handsomely, and faith still smiles suppremely without sweat and without passion.

In her consideration of God, indeed, the triumph is quite easy. The method *works* with stimulating success. Let us admit that proof for God and proof against God are equally impossible either through metaphysics or science. Yet a soul must either believe or not believe, for a pretended agnostic position inevitably works out, to be one or the other—or of pallid insignificance. And in practical life it makes a great difference whether one believes, or disbelieves: it determines *values* in life quality. The soul has its right to its best condition of soul development, and therefore, since no final proof against God is possible, more than proof for him, in metaphysics or science, let the soul decide the case on the validities of its own experience, which faith works,—meets the demand and motives and dramatic trend of things in experience?

This shall help to define God, as well as

satisfy us as to his existence. What sort of a God do we want;do we need;willwe find towork best in the efficiencies of our faith? Of course Dr. Rowland finds him to be a very rational sensible and likable God—the God of orthodoxy if of Liberal Orthodoxy; and we are all satisfied—except Prof. Doan, probably, who would like some sweat about it.

When Fragmatism takes hold of the doctrine of Christ, the thing is not so obvious, perhaps, though Miss Rowland makes it quite as easy. It is impossible to prove historically that Jesus of Nazareth was, or was not, Deity Incarnate. Let us, admit that. But we must *believe* that he either was or was not, and it makes a difference in actual soul development which we believe. Now which would we rather believe, when we are at our best and noblest? Which would be the more rational to expect of a God who was the sort of God we hope him to be, and need him to be—and so therefore he must be? Is not self revelation in an Incarnation with historic setting in a Manhood completely meeting our noblest and purest ideals of character, precisely the thing we would hope for of the sort of God we hope God to be? Well then!

Of course we Unitarians cannot follow Dr. Rowland in this second step of genial pragmatism, however agreeable her first step may be:—because we know something which she has not discovered: namely, that it is possible for a soul to hold firm grip on the essential verities of the Christ-ideal and find religion a strong and noble and character-exalting passion, without holding on to a pseudo-historic miracle which seems to us intellectually unwarranted. In other words we have found a faith without a historic incarnation(in the orthodox sense of the word) that pragmatically *works* for the upbuilding of useful and exalted character, blossoming out in splendid philanthropies, inspiring literatures, high minded public spirit, and a sweet and fragrant beauty of personal good cheer, and cheer-begetting courage,which takes all point out of her pragmatic argument for a historic supernatural Incarnation. And after all, there is a certain intellectual self-respect that for a healthy soul cannot be trifled with even for faith's sweet sake.. Because she has not discovered this, however, her argument is, of course to her valid.

But when she brings her pragmatic method to bear on the problem of evil, we confess the game is up, or so it seems to us, though the thing is done most deftly, and with no unworthy trifling with thought. Dr. Rowland is able to convince herself that this world, just as it is, with all its evil, sin and ignorance is precisely the world she *wants* to have—the sort of world that the normal soul *needs to believe in* as the best possible world. Human character,the satisfaction of the soul's highest ideals of divine purpose in a God-controlled universe, demands for its holiest fulfilments precisely those factors of evil and good which make up the "order of things" which we find about us today.

Now we admit that it can seem entirely easy for a professor of Mount Holyoke College, or the refined company of young women who came there to study,or for the average people who worship in Christian churches, or who write book-reviews for religious magazines,for that matter,to feel that *just* the conditions of this world and life can best contribute to the upbuilding of strong, progressive Christian character. But suppose we take Prof. Rowland to some places in this wicked city of New York—let her look into the tragedy of some women's lives here,and some working people's lives, here, and some wretched lives too weak and broken and degraded to have places in the industrial system at all, and see what conditions, over which the individual soul itself has no control whatever, have done, what condition of heredity, poisoned environment, iniquitous industrial system and political corruptions,—have brought about in the maiming and the wrecking of moral instincts,healthy wills, and sane social idealisms—and try to think out how the order of "things as they are" *work* for these human destinies—where does the pragmatic argument of this gentle optimist of Mount Holyoke help the problem of these folks. *It simply does not work.*!

The pragmatic method has many advantages, but too it has many pitfalls, and, we cannot help believing some lurking perils for ethics and religion alike. Neither religious faith nor moral idealism can grow fat on make believes, no matter how stalwartly, we "will to believe" or assert our right to believe." The great Mystery which is behind our being involves problems of evil and sin, and strange tragedy of potential destiny which we cannot escape by simply thinking nice things

about them. The Christian Scientist is perhaps the most logical pragmatist, and the most absurd, if Prof. Rowland's pragmatic method be the only valid one. Yet we believe that her book will do much good, and are glad to have read it.

The Religion of a Sensible American, by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University. Boston, American Unitarian Association, 84 pages, Price 80 cents net.

Dr. Jordan has done for us a very interesting and useful thing. He has not generalized, but presented to us with rare synthesis, a concrete case,—the religion of one sane-souled, reflective but heartily robust American out of whose unpublished pages he has constructed the substance of this book. Dr Jordan's own part is modestly but with surpassing skill made manifest in the method of his gathering together, and throwing into well emphasized relief the silent aspects of his friend's thought. "An American" says Dr. Jordan not quite accurately, considering our polyglot National constitutency yet with much significance, "is an Englishman who has had some additional experiences..... In particular, he has found himself in a motor environment, in a land of action where no man can rest in the protection of privilege and where the tradition of centuries count for next to nothing." And the religion of this American is essentially practical and motor, rather than speculative and sentimental. Contentions about creeds play but little part: other-worldliness is foreign to his temper. "The religious philosophy of the active American", writes this friend whom Dr. Jordan quotes, "tends unconsciously towards testing all truth by its availibility for action. Each doctrine must work itself out in terms of life." A good illustration of this lies in his dealing with the faith for immortality. "If man is ever to be an immortal being, he is such when he begins to live his immortality. If you have risen to that thought where you feel sure that you know God in this world and in your life and in the lives of your fellows, be very sure that you know your own immortality."

The book is most attractively made in print and binding.

The Temple, by Lyman Abbott, New York The Macmillan Co., $1.20 net.

As stated by Dr. Abbott in the preface this book of some hundred and seventy pages, which he has called The Temple, deals, not with theology, but with religion. It is not new to be told that in the work of the deepening of the religious life the whole man must take part, but the idea is presented in The Temple in a clear, concise and pleasing way.

Considering the body as the temple it is to be kept pure and fit for the indwelling of a pure soul by a right use of every member of the body, and a sane controlling of every passion and emotion. This scheme is well planned out yet the reader becomes somewhat confused in the first part of the book as to just what the function of the ear is. Does one see with his ear? Or is it that behind the printed word he hears the voice of the writer?

The only hint of possible originality is in the final chapter where the reader feels a certain relief in the interpretation of the word love. It has always been difficult, we take it, for most men to know just how to love their enemies, but The Temple makes the way possible, and presents religion as a wholesome, reasonable way of attaining the sweetness and light that will enrich human living.

Josuha James, Life Saver: by Sumner I. Kimball ("True American Types" series) Boston: American Unitarian Association. 102 pages, Price 60 cents net.

This is a worthy addition to a very unique series of brief biographies whose common note is modest heroism, and persistent manliness. Joshua James was Captain of the Life Saving Station at Point Allerton, Mass. The story is told simply and unaffectedly yet with many picturesque and dramatic pages. The atmosphere is one of genuineness, everywhere, and sturdy pluck and courage.

A Roving He Would go: From Southern Cross to the Arctic Circle: by Milton Reed, Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 253 pp. $1.25 net.

Did ever book of travel have a prettier dress? Mr. Reed tells the story of his wanderings with felicitous charm, as his itinerary includes the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Korea, China, Siberia, Russia, Scandinavia, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Greece, the story was bound to be varied and interesting. Mr. Reed sees what he sees with intelligent eyes, and remembers essential things, which is the se-

cret of good travel recounting. His publishers have certainly treated him handsomely.

A Certain Rich Man: by William Allen White. The Macmillan Co. New York.

This is not a story of rapid action; but it is one of subtly strong development. It deals with a modern aspect of social life with remorseless accuracy and incisive ethical directness, and the cumulative effect is tremendously valid if not dramatic. The manner of story-telling itself is not direct, however, and the book loses much from the erratic shuttle of its weaving. It begins with some stirring scenes in "Bleeding Kansas" before the war. The character drawing is of etching-like veracity, and the historic atmosphere perfect—if only the movement of the story could be brisker. It is a long time before the beginning of the beginning is over and the real drama of the industrial tragedy of Mammonism begins. A young man with heroic antecedents mingled with some things not heroic, of New England ancestry, builds up through subtle processes of soul mal-growth his passion of money-winning, keen, unscrupulous, cruel, and yet ever respectable. Friends are wronged, neighbors exploited, laws broken, personal affections wrecked, manhood warped in the mad progress of a career of material success. Then something essentially manly in his nature asserts itself—and an ethical recovery of soul's good health results. We will not undertake to tell the story however. Dr. Gladden, who recently preached a vivid sermon on the book, likens it to an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the modern curse of Mammonism. Its psychology is finer but its drama much less appealing than that great classic of anti-slavery warfare. It is more accurate to its problem—but cause-winning novels must surely have more passionate movement of motive and more stirring zest of action.

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